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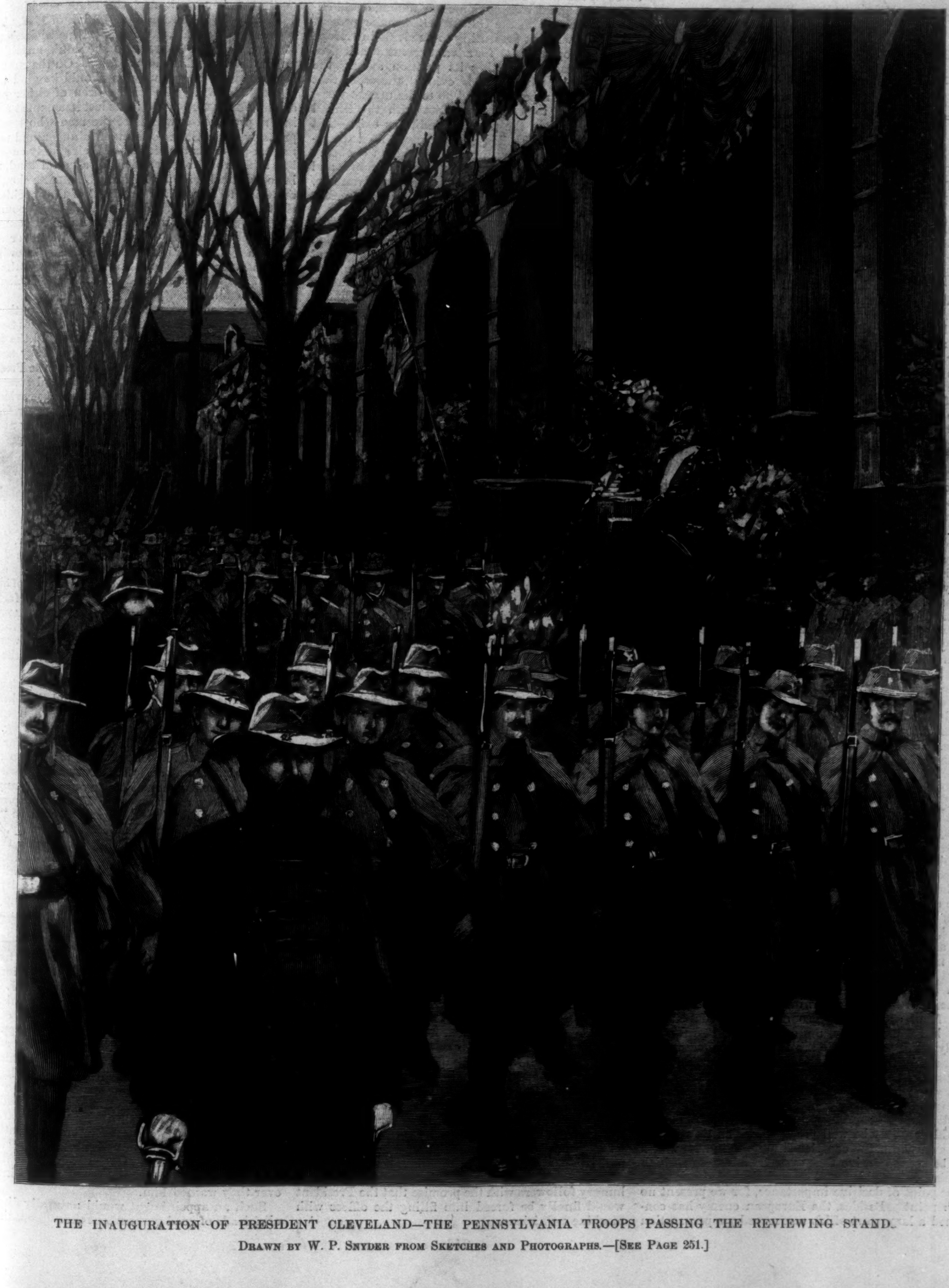

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.

Drawn by W. P. Snyder from Sketches and Photographs.—[See Page 251.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

EASTER NUMBER.

In the line of Fashion this Number is very striking, giving many beautiful and artistic designs from Paris, with full details of Spring visiting toilettes, walking dresses, and house gowns. A special article is devoted to suitable costumes to be worn at the Columbian Exposition. It contains Illustrated Stories by Mary E. Wilkins *and* Annie Trumbull Slosson, *and an animated sketch of Holy Week in Malta by* Isa Carrington Cabell. *A decorative cover adds value to this notable Number. Published March 18th.*

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THE ANNEXATION POLICY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND deserves the thanks of the country for the prompt withdrawal of the Hawaiian treaty from the Senate. It will now become apparent that all the commercial advantages which, according to the advocates of the scheme, annexation was to secure to us can be had without cost to ourselves, and especially without burdening this republic with the grave responsibilities which the annexation of the islands would involve. And it is not difficult to demonstrate the folly of the charge now made by his opponents, that President Cleveland, by blocking the annexation scheme, has thrown away a great opportunity for adding to our national power by acquiring for us a position of great strength in the Pacific Ocean. What he has really done is to protect the republic against the injection into its system of a dangerous element of weakness.

The position of the United States among the nations of the world is singularly fortunate. We have no formidable neighbors obliging us to keep strong armaments on foot for the defence of our territory. We have a population approaching seventy millions, and steadily growing. This population is wholly given to peaceful and productive pursuits, rapidly increasing our national wealth. The Americans are not a military, but, when put to it, a warlike people, furnishing in case of public danger an almost unlimited supply of not only brave and enduring, but remarkably ingenious soldiers. They are also an uncommonly patriotic people, capable of any exertion and any sacrifice for the safety and the honor of their country. Our national resources are, compared with those of other nations, practically inexhaustible. We occupy a large extent of continental territory, but our means of interior communication are such as to make it compact. No foreign power, and no imaginable combination of foreign powers, can bring any force against us which, even if it temporarily effected a lodgment on our soil, would not soon be overwhelmed by a concentration of immensely superior forces. We need not hold ourselves in constant readiness for great warlike emergencies, for the defensive situation of the country is so advantageous as to give us sufficient time for preparation when necessity arises. A hostile naval power might sweep what we have of maritime commerce from the seas, but by means of a comparatively small fleet of swift cruisers we would make ourselves to it equally disagreeable, or even more so if its maritime commerce exceeded our own. A great naval power might blockade some of our ports, and perhaps, if our coasts were not well protected, molest some of our maritime cities with their long-range guns. But even if they could, which is not likely, bombard New York, Boston, and San Francisco, they would thereby annoy but not seriously cripple us. No decisive effects could be produced by such means. On the contrary, such things would rather be calculated more to inflame than to end a war with us. No enemy could win from us a foot of ground that he could hold. We have, practically, no seriously vulnerable or really weak point. We are in our continental position, and with our enormous resources, substantially unassailable.

A war with the United States would therefore be to any European power, however strong, an extremely discouraging problem. Our European enemy would probably be well prepared, which we are not; but even from the completest preparation he would not be able to derive that essential advantage which consists in a sudden and overwhelming attack upon some point of decisive importance, for we present no such point. Besides, the European enemy has consumed a large part of his resources by a preparation kept up during long periods of time when it was unused and practically a waste of means, while this country has its great resources at its disposal unimpaired and available for the emergency—the European power growing weaker as its prepared means of warfare are consumed, and this country growing constantly stronger as its unimpaired means for preparation are transformed into means of warfare. And as war is now, more than it ever was, a matter of material endurance, of resources, of money, the United States would have the inestimable advantage not only of an unassailable territorial position, but of a comparatively inexhaustible purse. To a European power a war with the United States would therefore under present circumstances be a war without visible end. Nor could a European enemy calculate upon allies on this continent to threaten our frontiers; for there is nobody here strong enough for a serious threat; while we could always, in case of need, find natural allies on the other side. In fact, no European power, and no imaginable European combination, could engage in a war with the United States under present conditions without presenting to its rivals in Europe a welcome opportunity for advantageous attack, thus most seriously imperilling its position among the powers of the world. It is evident, therefore, that every European power would go to the utmost verge of possibility to avoid a conflict with the United States so long as the present conditions exist—that is, so long as the United States present no vulnerable point of attack, by threatening which the enemy would force us to fight on his chosen ground, and by seizing which he might gain a tenable advantage, enabling him to exact favorable conditions of peace.

Such a point of attack the Hawaiian Islands, if we annexed them, or any far-away possession of importance, would present. It is indeed said that such annexations might also secure to us important facilities for naval warfare—for instance, coaling stations. These coaling stations, as everybody knows, we can have without annexing any foreign country. But upon the advantages offered by such coaling stations we can count only in time of peace. In time of war with a strong naval power, that power will certainly make it one of its first objects to seize all our coaling stations it can lay its hands upon, and we shall have accumulated our coal merely for the benefit of the enemy. We can prevent this only by erecting strong fortifications to protect our property; but even then our ships will not be able to get at our coal unless we have a naval armament strong enough to drive and keep the hostile fleet away. We shall have coaling stations for our fleet in time of war only if we build a fleet large enough to keep our coaling stations open for us. It is so with all we may possess far away from our continental shores. If the Hawaiian Islands formed part of our national territory, we should need a very large navy, a navy able to cope with the great navies of the world, to protect that one vulnerable point—the only point in our possession really inviting attack by presenting to the enemy a chance sensibly to hurt us. We should no longer be able to carry on our defensive war on our own ground where we are substantially unassailable, and to make our offensive sallies from our impregnable stronghold at our own convenience; but we should find ourselves forced to defend a part of our national territory two thousand miles away from our impregnable stronghold, where the advantage would be greatly in favor of the enemy, if that enemy be Great Britain, or a combination of the lesser naval powers. The possession of the Hawaiian Islands as part of our national domain, or of any similar distant possession, with all the responsibilities this involves, would, therefore, in our present condition, not be an element of strength, but an element of weakness.

The question is whether, in order to have and hold such possessions, we are willing to change these conditions. Are we ready to alter the whole character of the government, with its beneficent traditional policies, to impose upon the people the burdens entailed by the building up and maintaining of immense armaments, and to expose this republic to all the political and economic consequences which such a policy would bring in its train here as elsewhere, and for which we have been in the habit of pitying the nations of the Old World? It will be an evil day when the American people show themselves willing to do this.

ANXIETY OF THE TAMMANY MACHINE.

The anxiety of the machine increases. The punishment for its offences against the party to which it professes loyalty, the President who was the candidate of the party, the people of the State, and good government generally, is evidently near at hand. Its leaders have based their hopes of recognition on the "regularity" of their organization. They have supposed that a Democratic administration would not dare to overlook them, and have comforted their hungry followers with the promise that the President would finally be forced into filling the offices with machine politicians.

They have yet a good deal to learn about Mr. Cleveland. Of all the recent Presidents of the country he is least dependent on mere organization. It is true, of course, that he could not have been nominated or elected without some concerted action, or without that kind of work which must be planned and carried on by committees, but the organization that is essential to Mr. Cleveland, and to the triumph of the political principles and policies that he represents, is an organization through which popular opinion and popular desires find effective expression. The machine which now dominates the Democratic party of the State of New York cannot possibly have anything in common with Mr. Cleveland. In 1884 the State organization was for Mr. Cleveland because it was intelligent enough to understand and obey the demands of the people. In that year Tammany Hall was obstructive, and apparently stood in the way of the success of the Cleveland movement. It went down, however, before the force of public sentiment, just as it and the State machine went down in the convention and election of 1892. There is no reason, even from a practical politician's point of view, why Mr. Cleveland should do anything to upbuild or uphold such a machine. On the contrary, there is every reason why he should be glad to see it broken down. The good citizen of either party, as the Weekly observed in its last issue, must rejoice in the promised downfall of the men who treat the property of the State as so much plunder, and regard the tax-payers as the victims of their greedy cunning; but aside from considerations of a moral kind, there is no practical reason why Mr. Cleveland should do anything to strengthen the hold of the machine on the State. It is a wretched failure. It is doomed to defeat. So long as its leaders remain in control of the Democratic party, that party will never again carry a State election, except under extraordinary circumstances. The people are cognizant of the vileness of the Hill-Murphy-Flower combination, and will not endure it.

The brigands were brave enough when they insisted on electing Mr. Murphy United States Senator against the protest of Mr. Cleveland and the indignant opposition of all good citizens. They scorned all warnings, for they expected to force the President to do their bidding. They have learned something since then. They have found out, what previous experience ought to have taught them, that Mr. Cleveland is a difficult man to force. Now they are trying to cajole the President, and are also preparing to charge him with bad faith if he does not grant their wishes. They are assuring him of peaceful and harmonious intentions. They are asserting that there is to be no war on the administration, while Governor Flower and Murphy's father-in-law at Albany are punishing Democrats because they are the friends of Mr. Cleveland. They expect to disarm Mr. Cleveland's dislike of them, although they have demonstrated their absolute unfitness for the duties of goverment both in point of character and point of ability. They are not capable of recognizing the fact that even if they should convince Mr. Cleveland that they are his friends, he could not promote their designs upon the State government; that he would be compelled to do all in his power to save the State from their depredations.

The situation is most interesting and instructive. The bandits have been found out, and they know it. Their swagger has disappeared, and their attitude has changed to that of despair and pleading. Mr. Murphy has intimated that he will vote for every nomination that Mr. Cleveland makes, no matter what Mr. Hill may do. Mr. Croker professes not to know that the bad men at Albany are doing anything wrong. They and Governor Flower express the hope that the President's Democracy will be "broad enough" to take in all factions of the party, forgetting that a few weeks ago they were doing their utmost to shut out from the party most of its brains and all of its character. While they have all along insisted that they do not want any Federal patronage, they are now changing their tune, and assert that the President would be resentful and ungenerous if he did not turn over the Collectorship to the men who are misgoverning the city and the State, and who did their utmost, both openly and treacherously, to defeat the candidates of the national Democracy. They have selected Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue for their candidate, and have promised not only that they will not ask for any more offices if he should be appointed, but that he will appoint as his subordinates none but those whom the administration named. They are willing to promise anything if they can have their little office. They point to the fact that Mr. O'Donohue is not closely identified with Tammany, overlooking or concealing the most conspicuous episode in his recent career, his participation in the passage by the Presidential electors of the resolutions eulogizing Edward Murphy, Jun., a demonstration that he would be entirely at the service of Tammany and the State machine whenever they wanted him.

Such an appointment would naturally discourage all friends of good government throughout the State, and would put new life and vigor into the demoralized machine. This is the reason for the machine's present anxiety. They are begging Mr. Cleveland to save them to the end that they may continue in their political careers of profit to themselves, of hostility to all Democrats who have conscience, ability, and honorable ambition, and of crimes against the public. They know that they have not been able to drive Mr. Cleveland, and they fear that they will not succeed in cajoling him.

A DANGEROUS COMPETITION.

Nothing among the characteristics of our forceful Western communities is more admirable than the heartiness with which the people of almost all their cities combine, each community for itself, to attract wealth and population. This spirit, operating through the various boards of trade, secures manufacturing establishments, fine hotels and theatres, and street railways in places which otherwise might not have enjoyed such improvements for years to come. This is the hothousing of cities, but it is so shrewdly practised, in the main, that the desired population and wealth almost invariably flow in to justify and maintain what has been provided in advance. But in the present conflict over the location of the projected institutions for higher education in Montana this spirit of enterprise will cause a blunder difficult to repair, and harder yet to excuse if what should be a noble university is dismembered and scattered, as was done with such lamentable consequences in Colorado and elsewhere in the West.

The fight in Montana is between the advocates of higher education and the greedy and blind selfishness of the different counties of the State over the location of the State University, the Agricultural College, and the School of Mines. Each of these institutions has a national endowment, and there is a scandalous competition among a number of towns for the separate location of each foundation. The scramble is caused by the unreasonable belief that because a consolidated and complete university would give importance and a certain income to a town, the same results will follow the establishment of a weak, struggling, forever incomplete institution—a fraction of a college.

Bills are before the Montana Legislature for the separate location of each branch of the university, and so also is a bill prepared by the advocates of consolidation. Believing that the outcome of the struggle is a matter of national concern, the friends of the project to combine the schools have aroused the leaders in the work of higher education all over the land. They have received letters advocating the formation of one strong, complete State University from the presidents of Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and the Western Reserve universities, and of the universities of Chicago, Iowa, Nashville, Colorado, and Minnesota, as well as from the Hon. Andrew D. White and many others. Mr. White points out that "nothing could be more uneconomical" than such a scattering of Montana's resources for advanced education as is proposed by those who would separate the three institutions. Each, as he says, must have its own laboratories, its own library, its own buildings, and, to a certain extent, its own professorships, which will duplicate those in the two other institutions.

As is truly urged by others, the three institutions are of co-ordinate rank, and each can be developed in its highest efficiency only by close contact with the others. The cost of equipping a modern institution like any of these is enormous, and yet the efficiency of such establishments in these days is graded according to the completeness of its equipment. Moreover, as President Eliot says, "From a pecuniary point of view, the establishment in a town of a small and struggling State school is of doubtful benefit." We sincerely hope that Montana will profit by the examples set her by Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, and the other States where the popular establishments for higher education are concentrated in one, and where each has enjoyed rapid and enviable development and success.

A POETS' TRADES-UNION.

It is announced that the "minor poets of Great Britain" are now making efforts to form a trades-union—or "brotherhood," as they prefer to call it—avowedly "for purposes of defence and protection." The newspaper paragraph embodying the statement adds that they seek "to bring about a better appreciation of minor poets, and to secure for them a status in the community."

This announcement is far more entertaining than some of the published works of the gentlemen who may be included under the general title of minor poets. In the first place, everybody will want to know the names of those persons who have identified themselves with this scheme for a minor poets' trust. The Minor British Poets' Consolidated Exchange (Limited) would be a sort of clearing-house through which all the property, metrical and symmetrical, of minor British poets, including the reserve stock now accumulated in desks, note-books, barrels, and old bureau drawers, should be marketed and diffused throughout the world for the sweetening and enlightenment of the nations. The names of the promoters of such a work should never be allowed to die. The qualifications for membership in the brotherhood are also matters of interest. It is evident that persons who are major poets should not be allowed to sneak into the union for the sake of the loaves and fishes. The committee on admissions must be composed of men who are unquestioned authorities upon minor poets and poetry. Nobody has so intimate a knowledge of minor poetry as minor poets themselves, therefore a body of distinctly minor poets should be constituted a jury of peers in minority, as the phrase might go in law. The names of this jury, too, will be looked for with a very lively interest, for the public always likes to know how poets classify themselves.

It is a curious fact that in the market rating of poetry, as of whiskey, there is no grade which is called "poor" by the manufacturers. There is "high-class" poetry, which includes certain fancy grades, called "gilt-edged lyric," "extra epic," etc., and there is the "minor" poetry which covers all poetry not above third proof. Of the exquisite fifth and sixth proof poetry the output has become so limited in recent years that most fastidious consumers prefer to stick by the old classic brands, rather than to run the risk of injuring their systems by imbibing poetry of an inferior grade merely "labelled up" to sell by unscrupulous dealers.

Thus it happens that the market for minor poetry has become very bad, and the manufacturers have been reduced to straits; yet they unanimously refuse to curtail their production. These minor poets, of whom there is a large and constantly increasing number in the British Islands and dependencies, say that the situation in the minor poetry trade is anomalous and wrong. They claim that there is a distinct field for minor poetry in a world where there are so many minor men. It is sometimes charged against minor poetry that it is commonplace. The minor poets assert that this very quality is its sufficient apology, because the commonplace, being easily understood by the people, is popular; and while they admit that minor poets cannot write Shakespearian poetry, they claim that Shakespeare's genius was rooted and grounded in the fact that he did not write over the head of anybody.

It must be admitted that there is need in America, as well as in England, of a stout, serviceable grade of poetry for the use of the millions in this happy generation, which bestows machine-made education upon everybody, guaranteeing a "general culture in twelve lessons for ten dollars," or words to that effect. This poetry should be made upon classic models, with all modern improvements, and its manufacturers should be protected against the unfair competition of the makers of advertising poetry, which is now turned out in great quantities. The minor poets' union should keep a sharp lookout for these contract laborers, who have undoubted rights, which, however, they are apt to transgress. It will also probably be necessary for the union to look into the charge made by certain minor poets that magazine editors have got into the habit themselves of writing all the minor poetry they need to fill up the little holes at the bottoms of pages, thereby taking the bread out of the mouths of regular workmen. All such matters will come within the jurisdiction of the walking delegates of the minor poets' union, whose work is bound to be laborious, and should be well paid.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

In October last the city of Brooklyn indulged in a "Columbian Celebration," for which bills were presented to the amount of some $60,000. They were duly certified by the officials, including the Mayor, whose duty it was to pass upon them, and they were paid. But some inquisitive citizens looked into the matter. They found the bills extravagant as to things really furnished, embracing things that should not have been paid for, such as wine, cigars, etc., for the committees, and that no items were given. The case was laid before the Grand Jury. Some of the officials were indicted; suits against others to recover the money unlawfully expended were recommended. The officials were frightened. A bill was sent to the Legislature legalizing the expenditures, and was passed. The Governor was expected to sign it; he has refused to do so, and he has given his reasons at length and plainly. These are entirely conclusive, and they leave the officials, especially Mayor Boody, in a very bad situation. The Mayor is rich; he has always had a high reputation; he was expected to be a careful, upright, efficient Mayor. He has been very disappointing, and his fall has been so sharp and sudden as to be pathetic. Had he but served the city with half the zeal he served the boss, he would have had the thanks and not the pity of those who have trusted him. To be honest from policy is not very noble, but, with Mayor Chapin's record before him, Mr. Boody ought to have seen that there is no worse policy than the one he has followed.

Among our older readers the visit of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe to England will be remembered as the occasion of a great demonstration of sympathy between the women of the mother-country and those of our own. But the reception recently given to Miss Frances E. Willard is, in some regards, even more interesting and extraordinary. Miss Willard went as the representative of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to whose modest but mighty work she has given years of unselfish labor, sacrificing to it all that makes life most happy to a woman's soul—home, security, and seclusion. Her reputation had preceded her, and in all the various ranks of life, in all the religious and reformatory organizations where the Temperance Union had made its purpose known, there arose a strong desire at once to honor her and promote the cause in which she had been long and nobly employed. A reception was offered her at Exeter Hall, London, the famous battle-ground of some of the most exciting oratorical contests of the last half-century. Over fifty separate religious and philanthropic societies were represented. Distinguished leaders of the Church of England, of all the evangelical denominations, of the Society of Friends, and of the Catholic Church took part in the proceedings, while the address of welcome was signed by the chief Jewish Rabbi. Canon Wilberforce and Sir Wilfrid Lawson were the chairmen of a meeting in Manchester, and like meetings were held in Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, and Sunderland. In Scotland the demonstrations were equally enthusiastic, and even more significant when we remember the Scotch reputation as to drinking and the orthodox aversion to women taking part in work of a public character. Throughout Miss Willard bore herself with dignity and simplicity, and strengthened the deep feeling her cause had enlisted. It was a notable triumph of a strong, pure, and devoted woman in a work of infinite value, and we cannot easily overestimate its influence in strengthening the best of bonds between the two countries—the bond of sympathy in the cause of humanity.

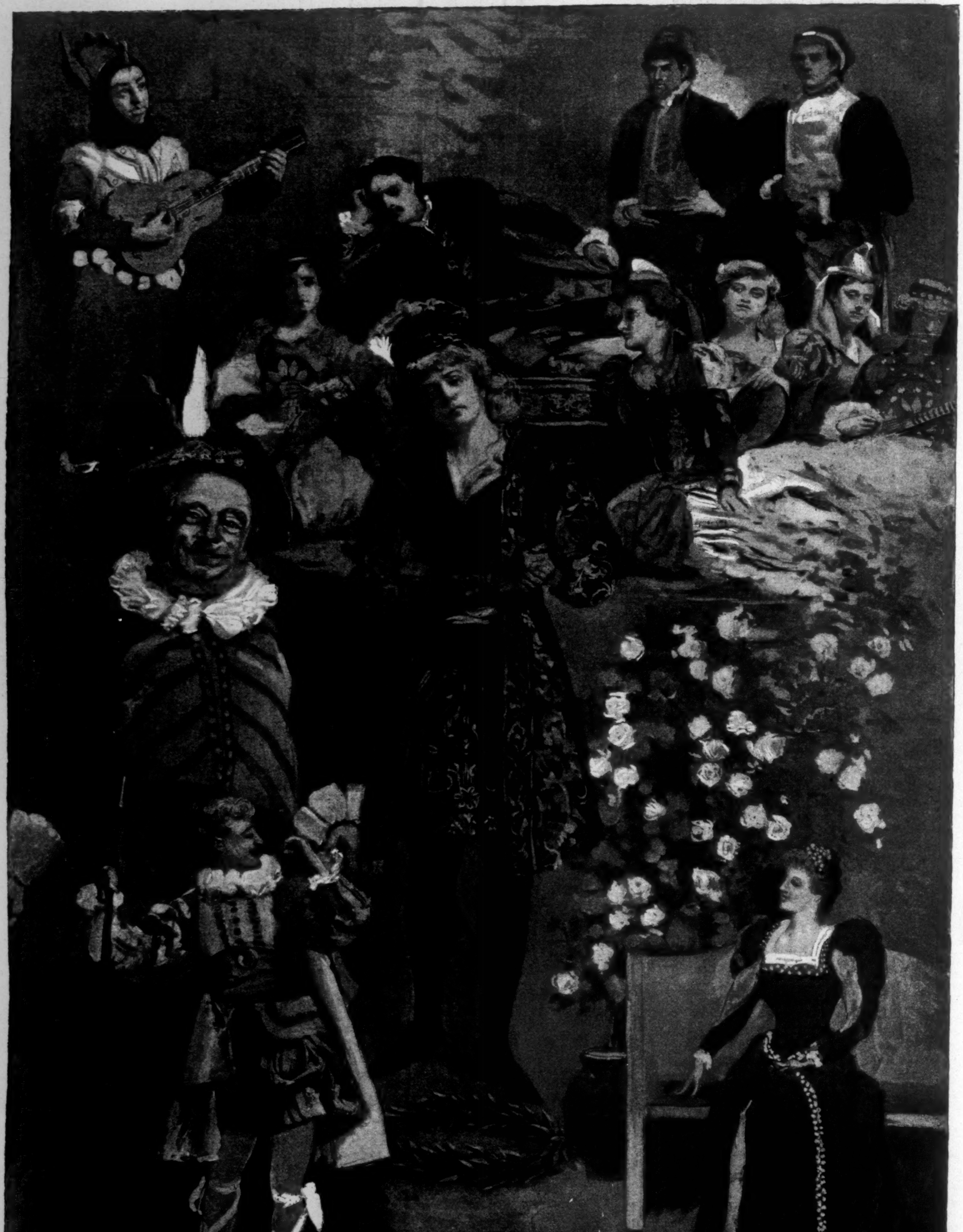
It will probably be generally conceded that General Lew Wallace is the most popular writer of historical romance of our generation. His *Ben-Hur* has reached a circle of readers wider than that of any like work in the same period in the English language. In his new novel, *The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell*, he has chosen the most exciting period of the history of the old Byzantine capital. The hero, who gives the title to the book, is the Wandering Jew, conceived in an original form, while the heroine, Irene, Constantine the Emperor, and Mohammed the Conqueror, are historical characters. In his former and best-known book General Wallace dealt with a subject of the extremest difficulty with the greatest skill; in the present one he has freer scope for his rich imaginative power, and equal opportunity for the charm of narrative which he has shown that he possesses.

Germany is to have its Populist or Farmers' Alliance trial, and it bids fair to be possibly more serious than ours, because the ferment can have no such free vent. The peasants, the small farmers, and many of the larger land-proprietors are organizing against Caprivi, and against some of the most vital principles of the imperial policy that he represents. Their two main ideas now appear to be, high protection for agriculture, and the relief of agriculture from taxation. The former includes the abrogation of all commercial treaties with food or wine producing nations, and opposition to the treaty now being negotiated with Russia, and it also includes higher duties on imported agricultural products. This of itself is a blow to the Central European League, by which France was to be excluded, while lower duties were to be fixed between the members. The farmers' idea is, of course, the baldest and most thoroughly discredited form of protectionism, and, if enforced, would be fatal to the manufacturing and commercial growth of the empire. It is the more difficult to deal with because it is the logical extension of the protective policy of the empire, by which the great manufacturing interests were won to its support, and again because the agricultural class have always been loyal to the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, forming something like the "brute vote" that Disraeli boasted of in his prime. The new party is seeking a coalition with the anti-Semitic faction and the bimetallists, very much as our Populists have taken up the notion of "cheap" money and hatred of the "gold-bugs."

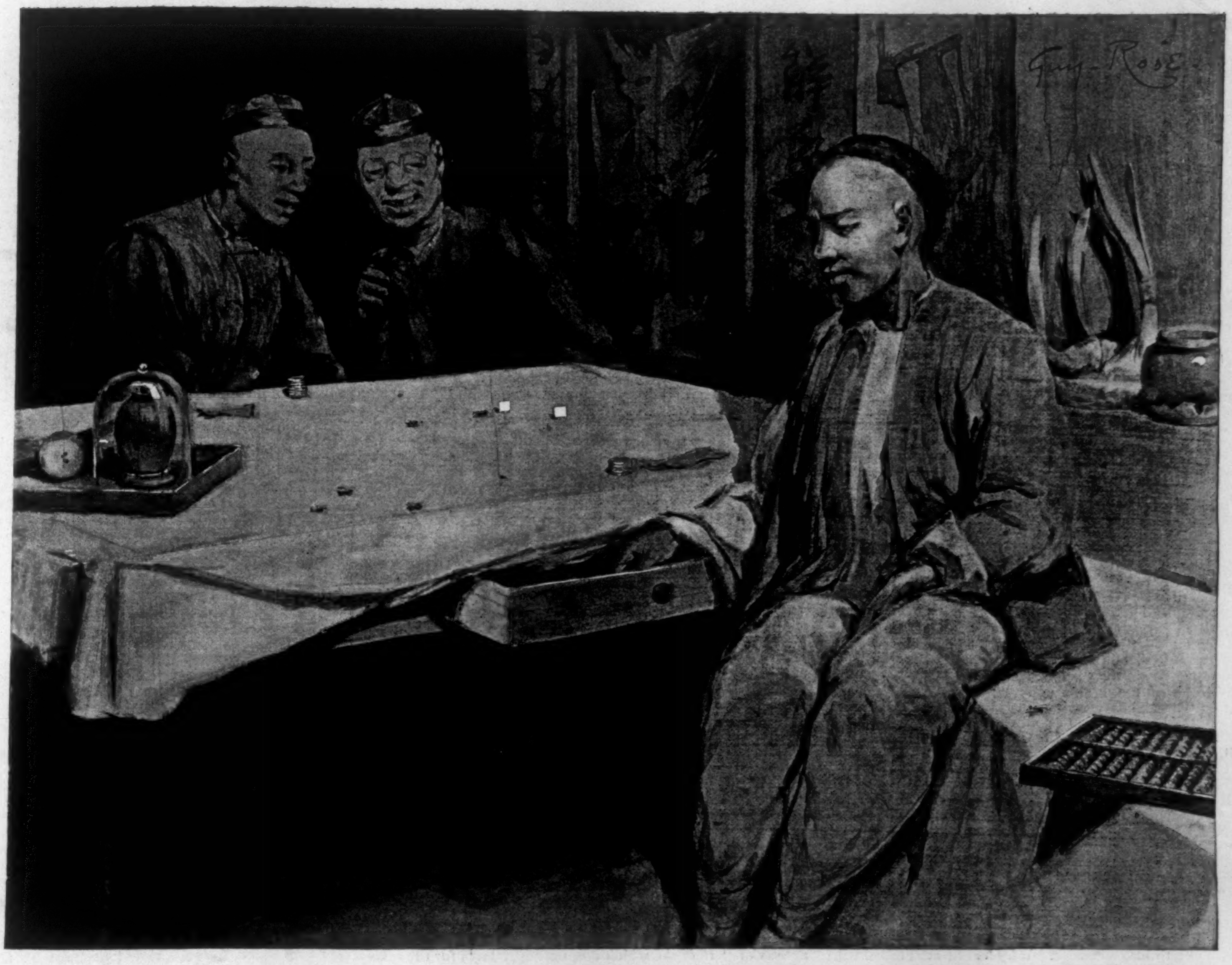
The union between Sweden and Norway is threatened with serious disturbance, if not with rupture. For a long time the Norwegians have been restless and irritable and suspicious toward the Swedes, and have been increasingly eager for practical independence. The particular phase of the quarrel which is now impending arises from the demand of the Norwegian radicals for a separate ministry of foreign affairs and separate diplomatic representatives, and this demand is enforced by a threat of refusal to pay taxes if it be not complied with. To comply with it, however, would be practically to invite foreign interference as between the two races, for the Norwegians would necessarily be not friendly but hostile to the Swedes at foreign capitals. Underlying the situation is the strong republican tendency in Norway. It is to be hoped that if separation is to come, it may not bring with it an open conflict; but the present union appears to grow steadily more unworkable.

One of the most significant and one of the most melancholy features of the exposures in France of the scandalous Panama Company's affairs is the conduct of the newspapers. During the dozen years in which the millions of the shareholders and bondholders of the company have been squandered or stolen, the daily press of Paris has either been silent or has openly supported the swindlers. The support, it is now known, was simply bought, the fruit of direct and shameful bribery; and so, in part, was the silence, but not in all cases. This is not so strange. Papers have been bribed in New York by Tweed, in Philadelphia by Bardsley. But they were exposed, and in great part by other papers. Why did this not happen in Paris? The general facts were not unknown. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in the *Économiste Français*, week by week, for years, from the published accounts of the company, showed beyond all doubt that it was rotten, and any daily paper could have done the same. It was the will, not the way, that was wanting. In this country professional rivalry—what we know as "enterprise"—would have furnished an ample motive. Why was it so weak in the newspapers of Paris? One reason is that the French are not readers of news in the sense that Americans and Englishmen are. They seek in their journals amusement and a certain excitement, for the most part political; but the detailed reports of happenings, great and small, from any and all sources, such as our papers furnish, do not please them—would, in fact, be left unread. This has made it easier for the papers to make of financial news a matter of business wholly, very rarely discussed or reported in detail. To this add the fact that there are no journals of importance in France outside of Paris, and the "conspiracy of silence," as M. Cavaignac termed it, becomes less unaccountable.

A committee of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association has sent to a number of leading Democrats in that State a copy of remarks made by Mr. Cleveland shortly after his election, and asking these gentlemen if they endorse the views expressed, and will support their author in his effort to carry them out. The substance of the quoted remarks is in these two sentences: "If we see nothing in our victory but a license to revel in partisan spoils, we shall fail at every point." "In the present mood of the people neither our party nor any other can hold the confidence of the people by merely promising and distributing the spoils of party supremacy." The answers received show that the younger, more progressive Democrats who have built up the party in the old Bay State—men like Governor Russell, Sherman Hoar, Congressman George Fred Williams, John E. Russell—are deeply in sympathy with these views of Mr. Cleveland's, and will zealously support him in all efforts to carry them out. On the other hand, many of the older Democrats have not answered at all. These facts show the difficulties with which Mr. Cleveland must contend. It must not be forgotten that civil service reform, essentially important as it is, is not the only object of the Democratic party or of Mr. Cleveland, and men who do not understand and do not like that reform may be highly useful in promoting the other objects. In working with these Mr. Cleveland will not compromise his own principles, but neither will he regard as enemies those who do not accept his principles on that subject.


KURTZ
W. H. HYDE

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S.—Drawn by W. H. Hyde.—[See Page 262.]



LEN CHUEN YEE'S REVENGE.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

He goes into a partnership with a gambler to rob another; he is himself fleeced; and he prays the god of thunder to avenge him.—The result.

LEN CHUEN YEE, the literary one, who knew all about Confucius, and who had graduated at Pekin, had been robbed. That rascally Chew Chung, who always had a smile on his face, and whose queue was oiled every day, because he was prosperous, was the one who took the money of the literary one. Now Len Chuen Yee, writer of books, sat in his room, back of Oh Moi's yat bunlow in Mott Street, and with his head in his hands, cursed the unlucky day which had brought him to this heathen city. He was ruined now, and had not so much as would buy a lichee nut, or even a betel leaf, on the vender's stand outside the door.

He had been up in the temple for two hours, praying Looi-Kwang, the god of thunder, to strike Chew Chung dead before he could enjoy the money, but even as he came out of the temple he saw the robbing one standing in the sunshine on the other side of the street smoking a cigarette, and Chew had shouted, in derision,

"Ha, poor one, shall I lend some of that which was once your own?"

He had scorned to notice this thrust, but he remembered, as he clattered along to his room, that he had not poured wine on the floor before the thunder god, and that he had placed no offering at the shrine. No wonder Chew Chung was still alive! Gods do not work for nothing, and he hurried along to the shop of his friend the grocery man, and begged him to trust him for a measure of samshu and some t'im. The grocery man had not heard of his trouble yet, and so he trusted him.

A few minutes later a bareheaded and excited Chinese ran up the street to the temple. It was the literary one. In one hand he held the wine; in the other he held the offering of sweet things. The friends of Chew Chung shouted at him from across the street, but he paid no attention to them. He went up the stairs leading to the temple like a wind from the north. He prostrated himself before the thunder god, and pouring out his treasures, prayed, as he cast the prayer-sticks, that Chew Chung, the wicked one, the gambling, robbing one, might be ground to dust as fine as grain, that he might be singed, scorched, burned, and tormented. All of this he, the literary one, prayed and begged, because he was also a good and virtuous one who harmed nobody.

He walked down the stairs with a stately tread, like one who has performed a pleasant duty. He brushed the dust from his knees, and stepped into the street.

"Only the poor and the laborers pray," yelled Chew Chung at him. But he looked pityingly at the man who was to die so soon. The god of thunder had an evil eye, and had never been known to fail. He walked to his room hatless, but with his head straight up like a man who feels proud. He entered, sat down upon a stool, looked around until his eye fell upon the sandal-wood chest in the corner, the cover of which was still raised. From a corner of that chest had come all the cash he had saved in four years, 1500 taels. Ten hours ago it was there in a little blue bag in the corner, and now—even the blue bag was gone. He felt like crying; and as he sat there, with his head resting in his hands, the tears came, and splashing upon the floor, made dark spots in the dirt.

Outside, the story of how Chew Chung the gambler had won from the innocent literary one all his cash was passing from mouth to mouth, and before the dusky tangs were lighted in the shops, long before the gamblers thought of setting out their tables, everything was known, and a hundred hands had patted the back of Chew Chung's brocaded blouse. The sun always smiles on the fortunate. So, while Chew Chung smoked cigarettes and drank the costly no-mi-t'san with his friends, the unfortunate one was sitting in the dusk of his lonely room, waiting for the thunder to grind the robber into a million pieces.

Here is the story they were telling and laughing over:

For six months the police had been watching the gambling ones as a cat watches a mouse. They had to pay rent, and they had not the privilege of making any money. Such a country as this was enough to make them wish they were all back home the other side of the water. Besides, there were mysterious ones of the Americans going about asking the Chinese to be photographed. It was a scheme, a government plot, intended to work ruin to them all. They did not come here to be slaves.

The gamblers were getting so poor that they no longer had wine when they ate, and instead of eating four and five times a day, they had to be satisfied with two meals. They who had been used to picking chicken out of their teeth could never be satisfied with pork. The poorest one of them all was Chew Chung. The wise ones said he would always be poor, because even when the stranger ones were crowding around his table he acted like a man half asleep. But the wise ones never noticed there was a strange twinkle in the eye of Chew Chung, and they forgot that whoever played at his table left everything behind. When Chew Chung sat in the sun on fine afternoons with his eyes shut he was not always sleeping, and he always opened his eyes and went in his shop when the policeman who came marching down the street was twenty feet away. It was the ones who had dealings with him who called him toh-hai—the cunning one.

He was sitting in front of his shop one afternoon when Len Chuen Yee, the literary one, came walking along with the air of one who has plenty to eat and is satisfied with himself.

"Ha, friend," said Chung, suddenly unclosing his eyes and standing up. "You are the one I want." It was like the hungry fox saying to the dove, "I want you."

Len Chuen Yee stopped.

"I want you to write a letter to my old mother in Foo-Chow," said the gambler; and he led the way down the eleven stone steps to the place where he lived, and where his fa'an-ta'an tables stood. He pulled two high stools up to the table, opened a drawer and pulled out a lot of paper, pushed it in front of the writer, and made a motion for him to begin. "Write, 'My beloved and respected mother,'" began Chew; and then he dictated as fast as the other could write: "'Your devoted son grieves because he cannot send you money, and golden chances are flying by my door at the setting of every sun. I could make enough money to take me home if I were fortunate enough to possess a like amount. There is a wealthy Quang-Tung merchant here who has learned a great American game called fly-loo. I know a trick of the game, and I can win his money. The hungry man is not particular at whose table he eats, and—'"

The sharp-pointed brush of the literary one ceased moving, and he made a pretence of fixing it. "Could you win much cash, Chew Chung?" he asked, never raising his eyes.

"If I had a thousand taels, I could win as much as that," said the gambler; "but finish my letter. When one has not the cash, one must let the cash run somewhere else."

"But suppose," said Len Chuen Yee, still arranging the point of his brush—"suppose you had some good trusting friend who would lend you the money—what then?"

"Then my friend would be the richer for trusting me. I would work that he might be wealthy, and of every ten taels I earned I would give him one. If with his money I won a like amount, I would only ask a small part of the winnings for my skill."

"I will lend you the money, then," said the literary one, gladly, for he was proud to be on good terms with a gambler.

"What, my good friend!" said Chew Chung, expressing great surprise. "Have you a thousand taels?"

"Yes, and five hundred more."

"Ah, but with that we will make our fat Quang-Tung merchant dance with his shoulders. And in the end you shall have two parts of his money, while I will be content with the other part."

They wrangled awhile, as friends will, each one wanting the other to take more for his share, but in the end it was the same.

The unfinished letter lay on the bamboo cloth of the gambling-table, the point of the costly brush of the literary man was turned up like a pig's snout, and the India-ink was pushed over to one corner. They talked about the money until the face of Len Chuen Yee was like a rising sun, but all the while the eyes of the gambler looked heavy, like the eyes of one who has smoked opium all night.

"When will he come?" asked Len Chuen Yee, feeling like a tiger waiting behind a bush for a lamb.

"To-night. But first we must encourage him to play, for he is very wary. We must beguile him. At nine o'clock you come to my door and rap loudly three times. I will let you in. The fat one will be there and some of my good friends. I will say, 'Good-evening, friend'; to which you will reply: 'Good-evening. Do you play to-night?'" And in this manner did the gambler tell the literary man just what to say and do in order that he might win a fortune.

At nine o'clock Chew Chung sat at one of his tables. In the corner was the fat Quang-Tung merchant smoking a water-pipe, and in the shadows on the other side of the room were three of the gambler's friends.

"The police are devils," Chew was saying. "They want no one to make money, or even live. We have to give our friends enjoyment like rats in a hole, and I—"

There were three knocks on the door. Chew Chung went and opened it, and Len Chuen Yee stepped in, timidly. He had his best blouse on, as if he were a happy man going to a feast, and in his right hand was a bag made of dark blue cloth.

"Good-evening, friend," he said, bowing like a woman, and pulling the hand that held the bag further up his sleeve. "Do you play to-night?"

"Oh yes," replied Chew, cheerfully. "We are always ready to let our friends become rich at our expense," and he pointed to a sign on the wall over the head of the fat merchant. It read, "He who would become wealthy, must first know Chew Chung."

By this time the literary man began to gain a little courage, so he walked boldly up to the table and threw his bag down. "I will either leave that behind," he said, "or take a fortune with me."

"Here is a true Chinese," said Chew Chung, with a look of admiration at Len. "He will be very wealthy before he dies."

"Come, friend," he went on. "What do you play? The foreign devils of police forbid fa'an-ta'an; but we can lock the door. Or would you like the new game called fly-loo?"

"I will play fly-loo," said Len, and he went down deep in the pocket of his t'in-foo, from whence he brought up, wrapped in paper, three lumps of sugar. He laid them at right angles on the table. "Does any one else want to play?" he asked, talking bravely. But as they gathered around they shook their heads.

Then one of the lumps of sugar was taken by Chew Chung. The stakes were ten taels each, to be won by the owner of the lump of sugar upon which the fly first alighted. Flies were as plenty in the room as clouds in the sky in April.

"There is a fortune in such a game as this," said the fat man, as a fly came slowly toward the sugar of the gambler. But it turned, and walked over to the sugar of the literary man, and crawling up the side of the lump, made Len Chuen Yee richer by ten taels. He laughed as a child laughs over his winnings, and when he looked up, the gambler was laughing too.

"We will have this fat one's money before long," thought Len, "because he is very attentive."

More money was put up, and the literary man won again. The fever of gambling was upon him, and even the taels seemed like fortunes to him. Never in all his life had money come to him so easily. Why had he ever toiled with the brush and worked for others, when he might have won so much money that by this time he would have a chestful, instead of only a little blue cloth bag half full?

His eyes grew hot as he watched the flies come down to the table after the sugar. They always seemed to come after the lump near him. He had won five times in succession now. It made no difference to him if that Quang-Tung merchant never played. He would win what money the gambler had. The fever was on him strong now.

Then came a loud rap at the door.

"Put out the light," whispered Chew Chung.

The wick in the lamp was turned so low that the flame showed only faint blue instead of white, and as Len Chuen Yee half turned on his stool he thought he felt a hand glide along the table near him. He reached out in the darkness, but felt nothing.

At the door Chew Chung was talking to the man who had knocked, and who wanted to come in. "Will you play?" he asked.

"After a while, maybe."

Then Chew Chung turned up the light, and like a man upon whom the yen-yen is strong Len Chuen Yee began to play again. His tongue was like that of a man who has breathed through his mouth while he has slept, and he could scarcely talk. But it seemed as if a spell had been cast over him, for although the flies came near his lump, not one touched it. He felt a great sinking in his heart, and a feeling of despair came over him.

"Twenty taels this time," he said, as he doubled the stakes.

So strong was the fever on him that he felt as if he must win, and so, thinking himself wise, he kept on increasing the stakes. The face of the gambler was like the face of a temple god, which never moves, and knows neither joy nor sorrow. His hand steadily drew in the money of the literary man, and his eyes were never once raised. The flies buzzed, the silver chirped, and the bank-notes whispered. It was always the same—what came out of the blue bag went into the drawer of the gambler. Len Chuen Yee forgot about the fat Quang-Tung merchant who was willing to lose so much; he forgot everything but himself, and he wondered how soon the money would turn toward him.

As there is an end to all things, so the end came to this, and the last tael of the literary man was on the table. A fly with a blue body came down on the gambler's sugar; the bag of the literary man was empty, and its sides fell in together. He stretched his hands out on the table while the gambler put the money away. Then he saw a hand creep across the table towards him. He watched it. It came towards the lump of sugar in front of him—the lump which the flies wouldn't touch. Like a man half asleep and half awake he looked.

He reached for the lump, picked it up, and put it to his mouth as the hand retreated. It was not sugar he tasted; it was salt. He threw it from him with a violent motion, and looked at Chew Chung. The gambler was leaning against the table smoking a cigarette.

"Give me back my cash, you robber!" he shrieked. "You have robbed me."

But the gambler only smiled, and blew the smoke of the cigarette so that it made a white wreath around the lamp.

"Do you think I keep my place for nothing?" asked Chew Chung. "Such as you help me. Go out; you are crazy." And he waved his hand toward his three friends. They rushed at the literary one, pushed him up the stairs and out on the street, and then gave him a parting kick. He walked up and down until daylight, and then went into the temple to pray the god of thunder to kill the robber.

This is the story as it was, and as it was told on the streets. And the men laughed at the simple literary one who had allowed himself to be caught so easily.

For three days Len Chuen Yee wept over his loss, and waited for the thunder god to destroy his enemy. On the fourth night he dreamed, and it seemed to him that the thunder god came down from the temple and was trying to grind the gambler to pieces, when a policeman came along, and the god was compelled to hide. When Len woke, he thought that if a foreign devil of a policeman could make a god hide, *he* could crush the robber. So he went to the station-house and told his story, and then went to the room of a friend, from whose window he could see the door of Chew Chung, and he watched. The street was dark long before the gambler had gone down the stairs with some stranger men.

Suddenly three men who were not Chinese rushed down the steps and began to rap on the door. Then they burst it in. With burning face the literary one watched until he saw one of the men dragging Chew Chung up the eleven stone steps. Then he ran down to where the gambler was.

"Ah, robber, so you are caught," he said. "Take good care of my money when you are in prison."

Then another detective came up the steps with the Quang-Tung man.

"Ah, thief," he said, "so you are going too. They have nice stone floors to sleep on there." And then, as the prisoners were taken away, he ran over to the temple, and prayed before the god of justice for three hours, and then walked out on the street with the air of a man who has been avenged.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. R. L. Stevenson thinks that the Samoan Islands ought to be annexed by some great power. Mr. Stevenson is a great power himself, and has a considerable realm. Why shouldn't he step in and annex the Samoans to *Treasure Island*, have them all edited and put in order by Andrew Lang, and set up in business as The Man Would-be-King? Hawaii is looking around for a government, and might be glad to come in to a good thing if the chance was offered. Under the international copyright law, Mr. Stevenson might arrange for protection to his properties thus collected both from Great Britain and the United States, thereby obviating any jealousy between those countries, and securing what would practically be an Anglo-American protectorate.

Mr. Stevenson, by-the-way, is the subject of more fabulous and conflicting tales than any man of his weight in the world. The other day there came an eye-witness report that he was reluctantly yielding up the last flickers of his vitality, but later and more reliable advices represent him to be active in mind and body, in good health, and very much alive to the affairs of this world. As to his latest story, now in course of publication, the critics are still mute. Mr. Lang speaks of "*Atalanta*, which one naturally buys for the sake of 'David Balfour,'" but I have not heard of any one buying the Sunday *Sun* for the sake of it, doubtless because there are so many other reasons for buying the Sunday *Sun* that one more or less doesn't count.

One very good reason for buying it a fortnight ago was to read Mr. Hazeltine's discourse on the newest deliverance of poetry from Mr. James Whitcomb Riley. Mr. Hazeltine takes Mr. Riley solemnly, and at a length of nearly five columns, most of which is taken up with citations of his latest products. He does not deal with him as a clever manipulator of jingles and dialect, though he does remark that had all Riley's compositions been put forth through the medium of the Hoosier dialect they would have had an audience larger than was reached in his lifetime by Robert Burns. He considers him as a singer who, in the extent and variety of his audience, comes nearer than any other contemporary American to being a national poet. Of a score or more of Mr. Riley's latest poems which Mr. Hazeltine copies, only one is in the Hoosier dialect. The others are given in evidence of their author's accomplished capacity for poetical expression in "normal English." The critic holds the Hoosier poet up as a close and successful student of the masters of verse, and speaks respectfully of him on the same page (a large page to be sure) with Moore, Keats, Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow, and Hood. "If poetry," he says,

> "have any profound and abiding reason for its existence, if it have in this world a mission second to that of religion only, let us not scan too curiously the processes by which the heart is touched. What matters the process so the end is reached? James Whitcomb Riley has reached it. The fact is recognized by all his readers, no matter how high or how inadequate may have been their education."

It will be a great relief to an imposing multitude of American readers to believe that Mr. Hazeltine is right, and that Mr. Riley is really a justifiable and exemplary serious poet. Nevertheless many of his admirers will experience no small surprise at the admission by a critic of conceded gumption that poetry which has legs under it, and is about something, and has a gist which is attainable without the aid of a logarithm-book or a stump-extractor, may still be poetry of real merit, and fit not only to put money in its author's pocket, but festoons of valid laurel upon his brow.

One of the last semi-official acts of our ex-Uncle Jeremiah Rusk was to disseminate, in the form of a magazine article, some hopeful views as to the future of American farming. A hundred years from now, in the opinion of the late Secretary of Agriculture, things will be appreciably different with the farmer. His land will be worth more; there will be a home market for everything he can raise; a cultivated frugality will enable his cows to subsist on a quarter of an acre of land apiece, instead of four acres, as at present; he will have a telephone in his house; the postman will bring his mail to his door; there will be a great many more folks in his neighborhood; and a copper wire running past his house will furnish power to his electric motors. Finally, or, more properly, first of all, he will have good roads.

It is to be hoped that it will happen to the farmer just as Uncle Jerry says. The rural brother is under something of a shadow just now, owing to the belief that he doesn't have his share of the fun. It was demonstrated the other day that there were a third more homicides in proportion to the population in the agricultural counties of western Massachusetts than in the eastern manufacturing counties where there is more going on. The reason is believed to be that agricultural life in western Massachusetts is desperately dull. In other parts of the country, where there are fewer stones to the acre, the farmer does better, but almost anywhere it will be found on inquiry that there is a dearth of levity in agriculture, and that a single pair of patent-leather shoes will last a representative farmer for several generations. When Uncle Jerry's millennium comes around the farmer will get new patent-leather shoes every two years, and wear them out in the pursuit of social delights, and then farming will be more popular and more wholesome.

Meanwhile there continue to be indications that that will not happen until everybody who has ever lived on a farm has moved to town and seen the folly of city life. It is the fashion of the hour to believe that there is nothing much the matter with the rural districts except that the roads are bad, but in England, where the country roads are better, there is a more notable disposition citywards than even in the United States. The congested condition of London is well known. The opinion of the city people seems to be that there are not enough people in the country to make life pleasant, so they stay in town. The opinion of the country people seems to be that there are not enough consumers of farm products in the cities to make agriculture profitable, so they move to town. In a hundred years there may be mouths enough in the cities to satisfy the country folks, and people enough in the country to attract the city people, so that it may come out just about as Uncle Jerry anticipates, and we all hope it will.

It has been pleasant to see how the story of the five life-savers of Cuttyhunk, who were drowned in the exercise of their calling, has stirred the sympathies of Boston. A paragraph in this journal last week told about the men who were lost and their destitute families. It is a pleasure to record that the Cuttyhunk Relief Fund in Boston amounts at this writing to nearly $20,000, and seems to be still piling up. It warms the heart to read the *Transcript's* lists of contributors, so many familiar Boston names with sums ranging from $5 to $200 opposite them. Of course these are not great sums, but somehow the lists give the impression that the incident has touched Boston in the spot where she lodges her sensibilities, and whenever Boston is touched there, it is only a question of how much is needed. The same spot was reached only the other day when the call went out for a monument to Phillips Brooks. It is a good spot for a town to have, and you can't help warming to Boston when you think of it. There is red blood in the Puritan City, and nowhere do you find a livelier capacity to appreciate that man was born only a little lower than the angels, and bent on reaching up to their level.

The young German Emperor seems to be a reader of American magazines. The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* of February 7th relates that on the occasion of a recent court ball, from which the American Minister was absent, inquiry was made for "the Emperor's friend Mr. Poultney Bigelow," whom the Kaiser had not seen, but who, he knew, had been invited. The account goes on, "As Mr. Bigelow appeared from the lowest rank of diplomats, the Emperor conversed pleasantly with him, especially in reference to the article which appeared in Harper's Magazine, telling the circumstances of Mr. Bigelow's expulsion from Russia."

Hunters of big game are invited to admire a recent exploit ascribed to Richard D. Mohun, of Washington, commercial agent of the United States in the Congo region. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* quotes one William C. Andrews as saying:

> "I met Mr. Mohun one day when we were elephant-hunting. We came across three mammoth fellows, elephants, and, of course, we started in to do battle. One of the giants was injured, and a strapping young negro, thinking he was dead, ventured too near. The brute had him close in his trunk in an instant, and another second would have done for the negro. But Mohun, entirely regardless of the fact that the wounded elephant's two mates were within a few feet of him wild with rage, jumped to the rescue and slashed that elephant with his knife until the trunk was useless to him as a means of dealing death. Mohun had a very close call from a séance with the other brutes, but got off alive and with the young black. The latter was so badly scared that he was almost white."

No doubt a man who really likes to hunt elephants likes it all the better when there is an Ethiopian thrown in; but, Ethiopian or no Ethiopian, it must take a remarkable development of the taste for big game to induce a tame man to attack a wild elephant with a mere domesticated jack-knife. Mr. Andrews, who is quoted as saying he saw Mr. Mohun do it, thought it an act of notable courage; and he says, what is easily credible, that Mr. Mohun has had many adventures, and will have stories to tell when he gets home.

The hardy Briton is gradually succumbing to the comforts of contemporary civilization. The London *Times* records with actual satisfaction that two British railways have arranged to have their carriages warmed by steam from the locomotive. "The system," says the *Times*,

> "is entirely new to this country, although it has been in use for several years in the United States, where train-heating has been carried to a high degree of perfection, and where some thousands of cars are fitted with this arrangement."

If our cousin can stand such an innovation as warmth in his railway carriage, he may come, in time, to rise superior to carriages altogether and have cars. Arguments in favor of that change continue to present themselves at irregular intervals. The latest one bears date February 13th, when George Warrell was sentenced to two years at hard labor for violent maltreatment of a young woman in a railway carriage on the 24th of January. Not the least edifying, it would seem, of the experiences that await the Europeans that come to the Chicago Fair will be the journey from New York to Chicago. If there is any contrivance which is more effectual to minimize the risks and discomforts of travel than the contemporary American vestibule train, it should by all means be brought to the fair that we may see it.

And it is interesting to learn that a great show in another form of transportation awaits all visitors to Chicago. The Chicago journals report such expenditures for quadrupeds and conveyances by the local swells as promise to make the boulevard between the city and the fair grounds much livelier all the time than any other road is on circus day. We are told that Mr. Potter Palmer's preparations include the purchase of sixteen new coach-horses, three new coachmen with concomitant grooms, and seven brand-new vehicles, including two breaks and a mail-coach, while General Torrence is credited with the distinction of possessing "more fine vehicles, all new, than any other man in the United States."

E. S. Martin.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WASHINGTON has seen so many inaugurations that one would think that there would have grown up at least that familiarity which breeds indifference. But Washington is always eager for the pageant. It is so big and strange, so full of excitement, so alluring to the curious, so replete with profit to the hotel-keepers, to the livery-stables, to everybody who has rooms to let or houses to dispose of. For four or five days Washington is a crazy city, its negroes derive whole years of ecstasy, and its whites obtain the meed of long months of patient waiting and longing through the trials and littlenesses of retail trade.

Every boarding-house keeper hopes to make enough from the incoming throngs to pay up the butcher and baker, and to get a month or so of country air during the impending heats of summer. They deserve it, poor souls! And it is only once in four years, perhaps not even then, that they can exchange the asphaltic smells of the hot city for the dusty roads and burned-up foliage of the neighboring county of Montgomery. During these happy pecunious days families that are well-to-do in friends and social position, but not so fortunate in purse, rent their houses, if they are lucky, to the rich who wish to see the inauguration comfortably. And there will be many a fresh gown in the mountains or at the sea-side this summer purchased with the hundred-dollar bills of the stranger.

Far away usually is the busy world from the innermost circles of Washington, but the men from the great cities break in once in four years. They ride through its pleasant streets and over its smooth pavements in open barouches if they are from Northern cities, or they wait about the sidewalks and other public places for a chance to talk politics if they are from the South, or they plunge desperately into sight-seeing if they are from the nimble-minded West.

Everything they see not owned by the government is for sale or to let; not only houses to live in, but windows to look out from as the troops and the clubs and the President and the ex-President go by. All the darkies in the town go into trade. Some of them sell political badges. This year the prevailing decoration for the coats of men was little buttons in the form of diminutive red roses. But mostly the negro loves to sell something to eat, and as there is a tradition of his race that his wife can make better waffles and better corn-bread than anybody in the world, he tries to vindicate the tradition by transforming salt codfish into pretended deviled crabs.

For weeks Washington prepares for its great quadrennial festivity. It builds stands wherever it can find a space—stands that bring fabulous prices to those who obtain the privilege of erecting them, and that look as though they are capable of going to pieces as easily as the conscience of the traditional heeler. It covers its façades all over with cheap bunting. It brings its thriftiest taste to bear, and gets as much color and as little beauty for its money as it can. Washington has not much taste in decoration, and it has the most impossible avenue in all the world for decorative purposes. Arches cannot be sprung over this vast asphalt pavement, which looks to be five hundred feet wide to a stranger coming from a town that is compelled to be economical of its land. The houses along its borders are of the most incongruous and discordant kind. Sometimes they are warehouses, sometimes they are marble shops of a pattern inspired by the edifices of real business towns. Sometimes they are old-fashioned two-storied houses with the first floor transformed into a shop. They do not lend themselves to the purposes of the decorator; and the decorator, the real, professional, skilful decorator, has nothing to do with the transaction. Washington has not yet conjectured that there is any reason why there should be such professional aid to the taste of the individual citizen. The idea, indeed, has only just begun to glimmer in New York and Chicago, and perhaps Washington will learn the lesson before the present four years roll round.

As it was on all other occasions, so it has been at this second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland, and it is a subject for profound meditation and reflection, the appearance of this great prairie of a street, with its distant houses, so low that there is nothing that can be called a sky-line. Up and down the fronts were sparsely hung banners, flags, and streamers. There was no system or harmony. There was no mass of color. There was no intelligence manifested in the effort. All that the people seem to have thought of was to hang out the flag, with the hospitable purpose of making the day as pleasant as possible for the incoming administration, or with the desire to beat a neighbor, or with the sordid spirit of advertising. The public buildings were a little worse than the private dwellings and shops. On the enormous front of the State, War, and Navy Department Building there were a few specks of red, white, and blue, while the great columns of the Treasury were swathed in flags, the stripes running up and down, so that the shafts looked like the legs of a gigantic "Uncle Sam." The grand stand from which the President was to review the procession glowed with the discordant richness of a highly colored booth of a race meeting or an agricultural show.

The reflection suggested by it is clear: Is it necessary that there should be this absolutely saddening democracy in taste just because we are a republic? Cannot this country employ the one-man power for a few days when it comes to the decoration of the capital city on the occasion of the inauguration of the President? Are republican institutions inconsistent with pageantry? If all this is true, the sooner we recognize the deplorable fact the better, and the sooner we return to the simplicity of Thomas Jefferson in our inaugurations the better still. If Washington cannot turn over the task of decoration to the American artist, who is abundantly capable of dealing intelligently with the problem, then the color ought to be left out of the show; for where color is poverty-stricken and straggles, and is out of humor with its background and its neighbors, it is not only a painful thing to look at, but is undignified, and reflects on the taste and intelligence of the whole country. And all this applies to the stand at the east side of the Capitol on which the President takes the oath of office and delivers his address to his fellow-citizens. Nothing is more crude and unpleasant than this performance as a work of art; but in other respects, in the spirit that dominates it, and in its fine republican symbolism, it is very noble.

There is no need to dwell on the artistic failure of the decorations. This strikes one most forcibly during the week before the inauguration, when the skeleton stands are disfiguring and concealing the reservations, when the workmen are littering the usually clean streets with their chips and sawdust, when one notes the damage that the rain has done to the dyes of the muslin streamers, when one is jostled by the arriving strangers, when all the discomforts of preparation make life a burden. The material aspect of the town during these few days is bad; but the people are splendid.

What life there is everywhere! The strangers tramp up and down the Avenue. Some of them have never been at the national capital before. Most of them are from the rural districts, and are strongly interested in whatever they see that is connected with the work of governing them. Some of them stand around the doors of the Senate and the House of Representatives and stare with awed vision into the sacred precincts where laws are made. Some of them tramp through the White House, and point out to one another, with more or less inaccuracy, the places where ceremonies are performed, and timidly ask the impossible favor of penetrating into the rooms where the next President and his family will spend the few hours of domestic ease and pleasure that are permitted by the arduous duties of the office. Some of them are hopeful or anxious seekers after place, and wonder if they can get their appointments within a few days after the inauguration. There is no man among all these people who want to be employed by the government who does not believe in his innermost soul that his particular case is irresistible, and that his business will be satisfactorily settled after a single interview with the President or the head of the department whose service he desires to illuminate. How weary these poor people will be when the heats of August come, and find them here still in a state of uncertainty!

But now they are happy enough. Every one in the streets is happy. The air is filled with the pleasant laughter of the negro children, old and young; for negroes rarely grow up to the sedateness of manhood and womanhood. There is hope in the expectant breast, and there are meetings of old friends. There is joy in the air. For days before this inauguration Washington put on its best and most entrancing weather. There was warmth in the rich sunshine, and the people said—alas! they were disappointed—that it was "Cleveland's luck" once more. He was going to have just such another 4th of March as that of eight years before, when golden sunshine flooded the streets from morning until evening, and the songs of birds made music sweeter than that of Cappa or Sousa or any master of brass who did his very uttermost in the presence of the elect of all the nation.

During these warm days the population of Washington grew and multiplied. The visitors jammed the hotels to their full capacity and beyond any comfort. The clubs were thronged with strangers, until the regular habitués did not know their own generally quiet and homelike quarters. The air pulsated with the notes of the bands that marched at the head of arriving organizations, military and civic. The streets were blocked. The visiting clubs saw all they could, and then paraded; then looked again, and again paraded. If all of Tammany Hall could not be found, a detachment was organized, but so long as a band was to be had there was a parade. A parade meant something to do, and the boys and men who had come down for a good time soon found that parading was quite as pleasant as anything they could do. Besides, the citizens of Washington appreciated the effort, and felt that the music and the banners and the marching visitors were all for them.

And now came the fateful day. When the streets were emptying of their noisy crowds on Thursday night the moon was shining on the houses of Washington, and the air was soft and full of promise. But on Friday there was a haze over the face of the sky, and clouds had gathered that threatened the "Cleveland luck." The Weather Bureau, like Tammany Hall, was also full of promise. There was to be a little flurry of snow in the morning, and then the day was to be clear and a little colder. There was, however, a good deal of snow on the fateful Saturday morning on which the nation was to say farewell to Mr. Harrison and to welcome Mr. Cleveland to a second term in the White House. The snow came down in drops that were as large as car tickets and as wet as a swamp. For a moment now and then the gray sky would shine like a burnished pan, and "Cleveland's luck" had come again. It was insisted that the marching would take place in clear weather, and this prediction came true; but it was so cold that the spirit of pneumonia was seen by many fearful eyes that looked out from the shelter of the stands for eight weary hours. In the history of inaugurations there has been one colder day, and that was Grant's second inaugural, in 1872, when the thermometer went so low that the whiskey froze.

There was a spatter of snow as the President and the next President went up the Avenue from the White House to the Capitol; there was a shining sun and a wind that blew chills into the marrow of the hardiest soldier as the President and the last President rode from the Capitol to the White House. Of course the streets along the line of the processions—the procession to the oath-taking at the Capitol and that to the review at the White House—were thronged; but although the town had seemed so full when one applied for a room at the hotel, the streets were not so crowded as they were eight years ago, or four years ago.

The oath was administered first to the Vice-President within the dignified precincts of the Senate-Chamber, and then the distinguished company went out upon the beautiful eastern portico—debased for the moment by cotton decorations—into the presence of the republic. And there, in that presence, with all the solemnity of his responsibilities and duties evidently resting upon him, Mr. Cleveland took the oath of office on his mother's Bible, on whose fly-leaf there was already the certificate of his first inauguration as Chief Magistrate of the nation, signed by Chief Justice Waite. His simple, direct, manly inaugural speech, which was delivered, not read, was pronounced in a cold, blustering northwest wind, and the President stood bareheaded through the ordeal, and was unnecessarily sympathized with for the hardships that he endured; for on the next day he announced to a friend that if he had no harder day during the coming four years, he would consider himself happy at the close of his term of office.

This simple ceremony over, there began the great procession for which Washington had waited for many weeks, to see which people had come from a distance, and for which every colored man and woman in near Virginia had squandered the savings of the year. Every one has read about inaugural processions, and many have seen them. They are most of them alike, although this one's distinction was the presence of Governors. Inauguration after inauguration, the Executives of the States are coming more and more to consider it the fitting thing to be present at the inauguration of the Executive of the nation. And here were the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, and Maryland—a brave array of Democratic talent, reminding the spectators, by the absence of Republican Governors, that the custom had not become so firmly fixed as to be rid of a certain taint of partisanship.

The bands played and the crowds cheered, and for five hours the new President stood on the reviewing stand and received the salutes of passing regiments and loyal Democratic associations. The procession was very long; some of it was very tiresome. The stands that were occupied by human beings—some of them were filled with snow—had been packed since half past ten. There the people sat, chattered, and shivered. They suffered and were good-natured. They ate peanuts and cracked jokes. The wise were bundled up with rugs and blankets, and when luncheon hour came they opened and consumed piles of sandwiches. The still wiser kept out the influences of the cold with coffee, or the more invigorating contents of flasks. There was many a cold caught that day, but whether any fatal cases the doctors have not yet reported. The crowd in the streets moved about industriously, and were cheery and patient. No sense of cold could make the negroes forget that it was a gala-day, and they added to the prevailing good-humor of the American mob the joyous and mellow laughter of their race. The people who clung to the fireside, and enjoyed the fancied sufferings of the misguided creatures who sat on the stands or who stood in the streets, were very much mistaken in supposing that any one who shivered through the parade without catching cold regretted the experience. They simply convinced themselves that they could be both cold and happy.

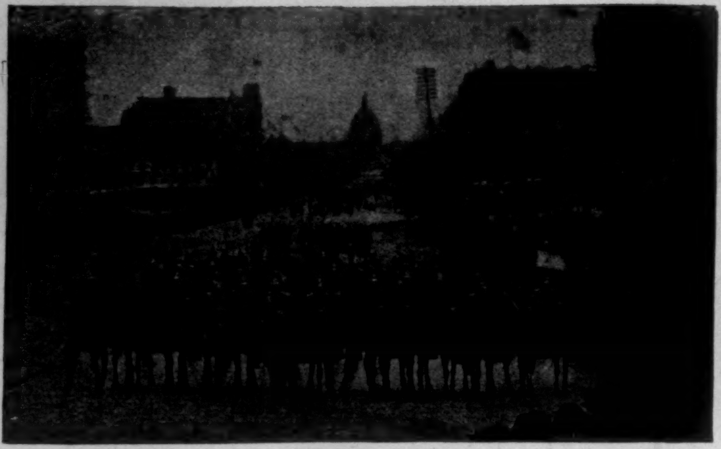
At last, towards half past two, there was a sound of music from the Capitol, and the long-expected event was launched. The new President had finished his speech, and the pageant was in motion. He was driven slowly down the long Avenue, up Fifteenth Street, to the stand in front of the White House. First came the regulars. There were troopers, black and white, brilliant in their yellow trimmings. Cheers went up for them all along the line, for there were few in the on-looking multitude who did not know that these men had won their detail in Washington by gallant conduct on distant battle-fields warring with savages. The Marines and their excellent drill and their pampered band are known to all the land. The Washington newspapers regard these musicians as the very best in the world, and who shall say that they are not, so long as he is dwelling within the borders of the District of Columbia? The militia of the District, by the same token, is also the best in the world. The commands are both black and white, and to the former the event is always the most momentous in their lives. The negro's life is crammed full of momentous events, from the moment he first learns the meaning of the word until he becomes too old and decrepit to care very much for it. The solid mass of Pennsylvania National Guard is here, as usual. As usual, it is 8000 strong, precisely. As usual, too, it is clad for war. Its heads are topped with the drab felt soft field hat of the regular service. Its bodies are covered with overcoats. Haversacks, knapsacks, and canteens are strapped to it. It is said to look like business, and it does. One can fancy it on its way to put down riot or insurrection, or to destroy foreign enemies. One may be proud of it as an effective-looking body of citizen soldiery, but no one can rejoice in its beauty, or regard it as an addition to what aims to be a pageant. The New York Seventh and the Maryland Fifth will probably fight as well, no better, when the unlucky time comes when fighting must be done, but they add to the splendor of the occasion by their trappings; and that is right, as is proved by the practice of the fighting armies of Europe. The long lines of blue grow monotonous, but the crowd continues in good-humor, and is amused by its own general incidents—by the arrest of that crestfallen pickpocket or the disorderly drunkard, by the dancing and stamping of the soldiers when a halt is ordered and the men take advantage of the respite to get their blood in circulation. So cold is it! And yet the women and children sit on the stands, and the President keeps his place, while the stalwart troops in heavy uniforms march by and suffer.

But the Governors are the objects of the keenest interest and the awakeners of the loudest cheers. There is Governor Flower, who rides in a barouche, because he is sensible enough not to ride a horse when he knows that he cannot. His staff do not like it, because they are in uniform, and think that they look unnecessarily like Knights Templar. Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, is mounted, and being a fine horseman, is cheered as he rides down the Avenue. But the mighty cheers are for Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, and William E. Russell, of Massachusetts. They, too, are mounted on mettlesome steeds, and they and their staffs demonstrate a power to command their horses which pleases the populace. Other fine bodies of horsemen are the Marylanders and Georgians, headed by Governors Brown and Northen, and Troop A, of our own city, whose equestrian prowess has been more than once celebrated in the WEEKLY.

After the soldiers came the political clubs—Tammany, the Samuel J. Randall Club of Philadelphia, the Duckworth Club of Cincinnati, the Bushwick Club of Brooklyn, and others—made interesting because they too had uniforms—overcoats, tall hats, canes, and umbrellas. The Duckworth Club's silk hats were interesting and curious, silver-toned, and with a most extraordinary shine.

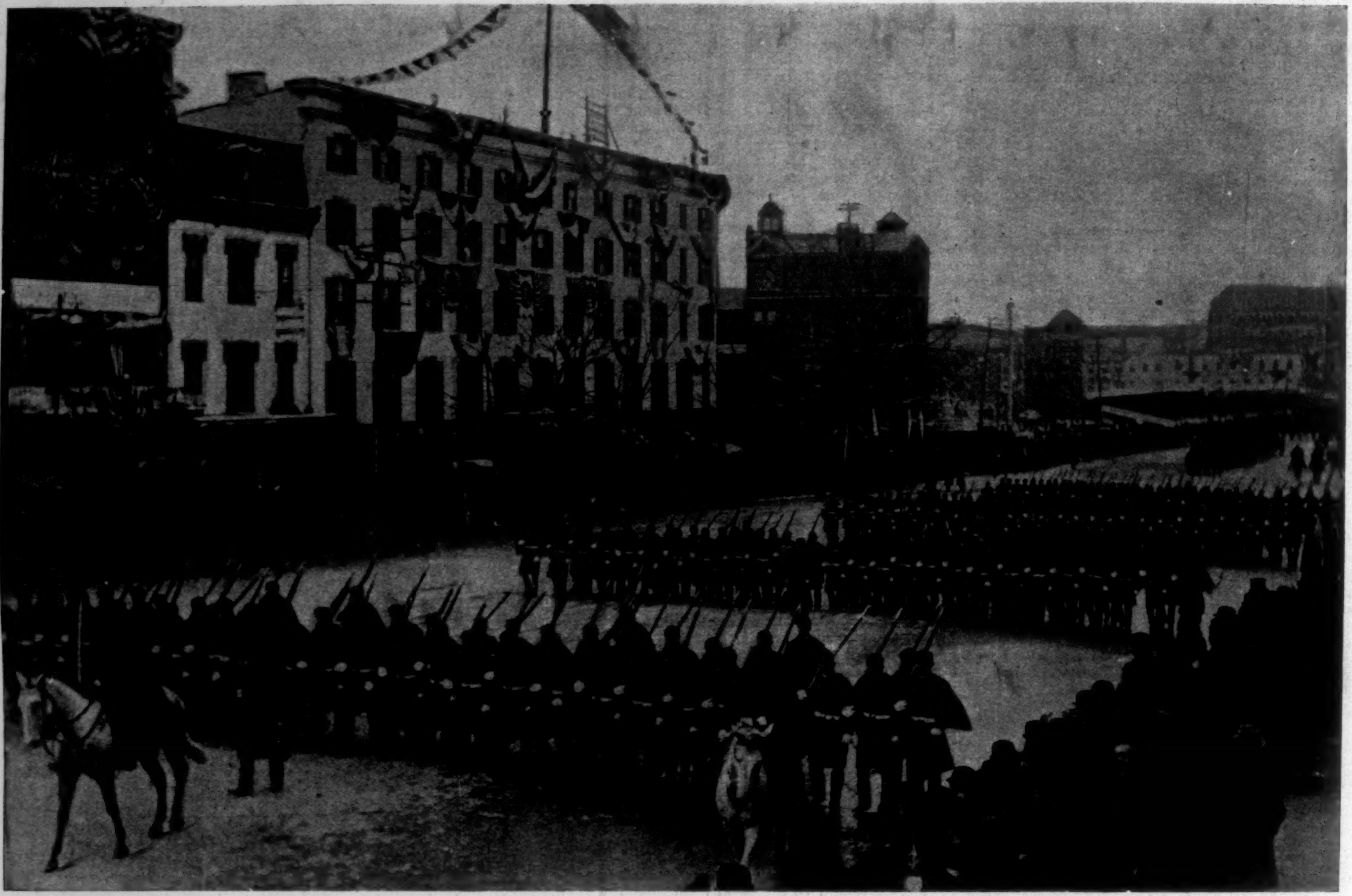
The hours that passed were filled with music, the fife and drum, and marching men, and there was enough of all to keep the spectators happy and contented, and enough also to satisfy the most greedy. The sun was low in the west when the last civilian went by the reviewing stand and Mr. Cleveland went into the warmth of the White House.

In the evening came the ball, and it was doubtless the handsomest inauguration ball that Washington has ever seen. Here the decorations had been in the hands of a real artist, and the enormous room in the Pension Bureau Building had been made beautiful. The great columns were covered with ivy, the fountain was hidden in a bower of green, and the plashing water was lighted up by colored electric lights. The crowd of course was immense. Everything was big, from the hall down to the souvenir cards graced with the portraits of President Cleveland and Vice-President Stevenson. There was not much dancing, but there was a little promenading, and a good deal of eager curiosity to see the beautiful lady of the White House. At twelve o'clock the ball was over, and those who remained until the last discovered as they came out into the night that the sharpness was departing from the atmosphere, and that Sunday was likely to be the kind of a day that they had hoped for for the inauguration.



THE GEORGIA HUSSARS.

UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO THE CAPITOL.

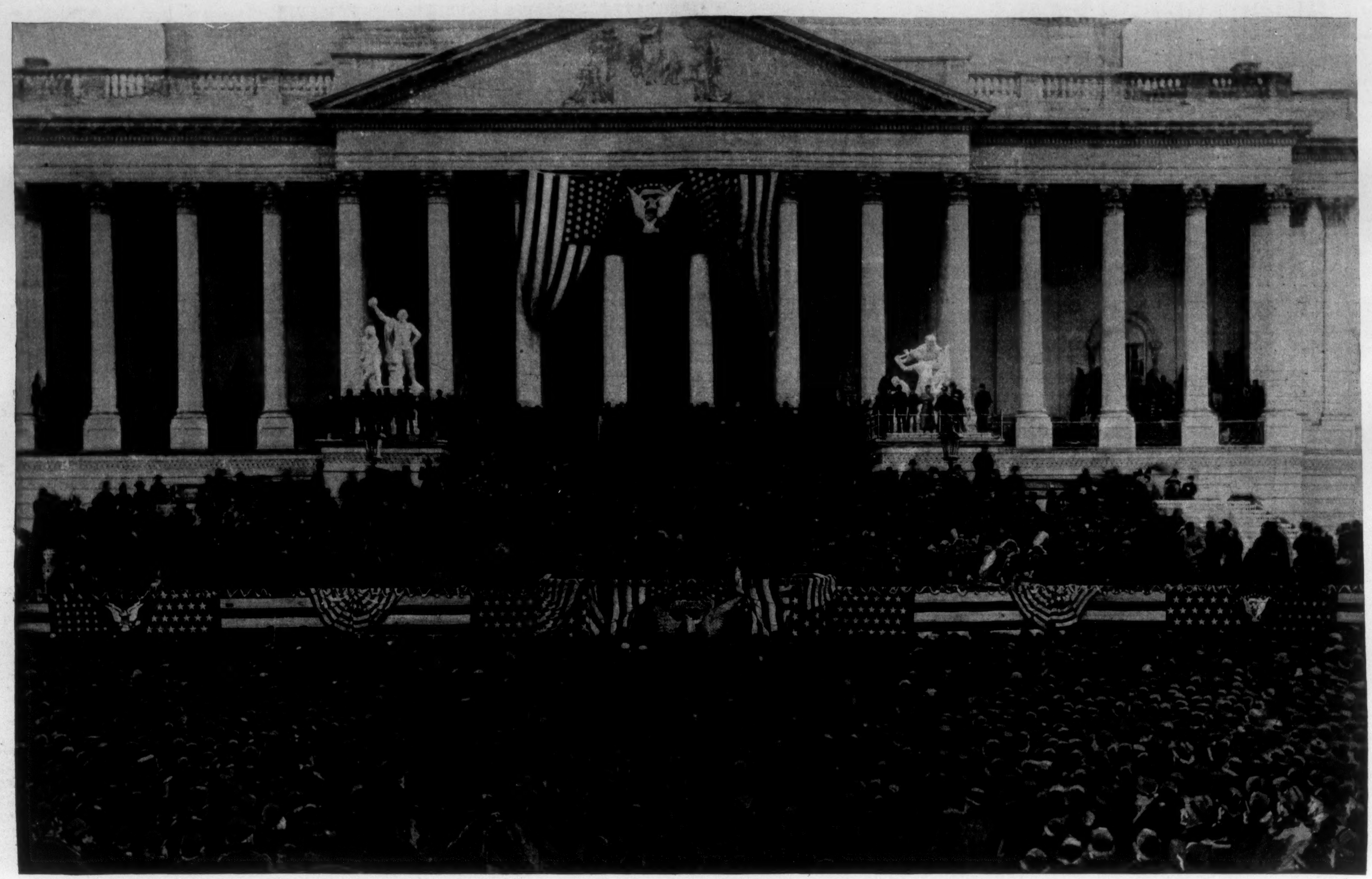


MARCHING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO THE REVIEWING STAND.

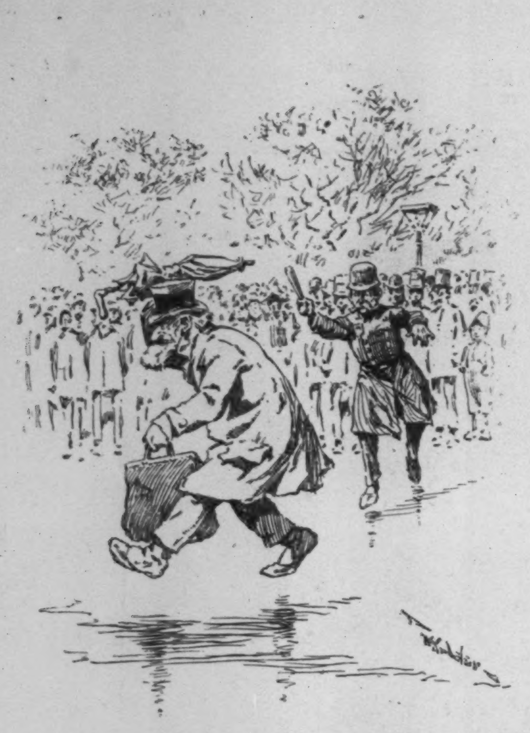
VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON AND EX-VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON RETURNING.

THE CLEVELAND ARCH IN THE PENSION BUILDING WHERE THE INAUGURAL BALL WAS HELD.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL (WASHINGTON), AND LANGILL.—[SEE PAGE 251.]



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 251.]



BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, GOES TO THE INAUGURATION.

I WENT to Washin'ton last week to see G. C. go in,
And I must say the treatment that I got was wuss 'n sin.
They shoved me here, they shoved me there, in most un-christian way,
No matter where I tried to go on 'Nauguration day.

I tried to see the White House grounds, 'bout which I'd often read;
First thing I knew 'bout sixty p'leece was jumpin' on my head.
I sneaked behind the mansion then, an' tried to look inside.
When forty-'leven constables came out an' tanned my hide.

I wandered to the Capitol, an' ambled up the stoop,
And there I got a shakin' down wuss 'n a spell o' croup
By 'bout six hundred deputies, as had the place in charge,
Who seemed to think nobody else had right to be at large.

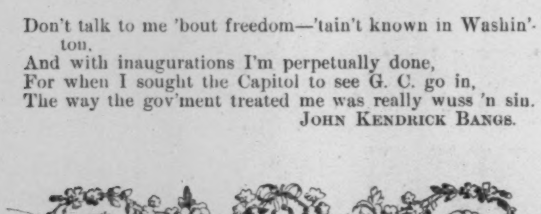
And when I tried to cross the street before the soldiers came,
The way the guardians of the peace behaved was just a shame.
They yanked me back into the crowd and shoved me to the rear,
For all the world as though I'd led a criminal career.

And when G. C. got through his speech I tried to grab his hand,
'Nd tell him I was just as proud as any in the land;
And then a feller dressed in blue connected with my coat,
And dragged here and yon as though I'd never had a vote.

Now what I want to know is this, are these officials here
Our masters or our servants—they behave so cavalier?
If they're our masters then I bows with all the grace I've got,
But if they're servants then I vote to bounce the whole darned lot.

Don't talk to me 'bout freedom—'tain't known in Washin'-ton,
And with inaugurations I'm perpetually done,
For when I sought the Capitol to see G. C. go in,
The way the gov'ment treated me was really wuss 'n sin.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



A MORE beautiful production from a pictorial and spectacular stand-point than that of *Giroflé-Girofla*, now running with much success at the Garden Theatre, has not been seen in New York for many a long day. As a succession of stage pictures and groupings, almost kaleidoscopic in variety of color and design, one can hardly imagine anything more artistically complete and charming. A more beautiful set in its way than that of the second act, a Moorish apartment in Bolero's palace, has hardly ever been put upon the New York stage. One cannot too strongly commend that careful attention to detail of every kind which makes this revival almost unique in picturesque completeness. In the matter of stage-management, too, Mr. Baker has fairly outdone himself, and the value of his work as a factor in the success obtained by this revival can hardly be overestimated. The successful revival of a work of the class of *Giroflé-Girofla*, which was in the zenith of its popularity twenty years ago, is interesting and suggestive in more ways than one. Even the wit and cleverness of Mr. Gilbert's book and the remarkably beautiful production could not carry *The Mountebanks* to success, which fact would tend to show that the music, after all, has something to do with the success of a comic opera. Rumors have been current for some time past that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have buried the hatchet and are once more reunited, and Mr. Gilbert himself has publicly denied the rumor that he was to collaborate with Dr. Hubert Parry in a comic opera. Not a few longings for Gilbert and Sullivan, and the class of work which Mr. Gilbert's wit and Sir Arthur Sullivan's delightful musical fancy have made popular, have found expression of late. "O for Gilbert and Sullivan!" has been the cry, which is one which every lover of good light opera could re-echo with sincerity if the reuniting of the whilom successful collaborators could mean another *Pinafore*, *Patience*, or *Mikado*. People seem, however, to forget that since the *Mikado* Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have written three pieces, to wit, *Ruddigore*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and *The Gondoliers*, which the American public would not have at any price; and yet in two at least of these pieces Sir Arthur Sullivan was in no degree responsible for their lack of success, as the music of both *Ruddigore* and *The Yeomen of the Guard* was altogether charming.

Variations of popular taste count for much in all these matters, and in this respect again the success of the revival of Lecocq's once popular opera-bouffe is significant. For what it sets out to be, a musical trifle as light as popular airs and jingles will make it, written with obvious intent to catch the popular ear, *Giroflé-Girofla* is a good work, and fulfills its purpose of providing easy amusement admirably. Lecocq's music, though light, is never vulgar, and its melodies, though eminently tuneful in a popular sense, never descend to cheap jingle. It is essentially opera-bouffe music, but it is at the same time sufficiently well written not to offend an artistic ear. One would venture, however, to express the opinion that the admirable *mise en scène* which Mr. French has provided for the piece has more to do with its success than either the music, the book, or the way both are presented. The attempt to localize, and in a way modernize, the witty French original has not been in any way successful. Messrs. Woodward and Goodwin could not destroy the admirable story, but they have succeeded in eliminating the wit, spirit, and go of the original version to an extent that is to be deplored. Surely it is possible to write dialogue which can be funny without local allusions and gags; although were such dialogue to be written, have we the artists who could give it its proper effect?

It is rather curious that in Paris operettas of the Offenbach type will not revive. About two years ago the attempt was made to give a series of revivals of the most successful Offenbach pieces, like *Orpheus*, the *Grande-Duchesse*, and *La Belle Hélène*, but it was soon evident that popular taste had changed, and the pieces no longer possessed the vitality to make them popularly attractive. *La Fille de Madame Angot*, Lecocq's most successful piece, when revived a short time back, went better, but even this did not seem able to secure a new lease of life. One is therefore tempted to think that without its present surroundings, which are certainly exceptionally attractive, *Giroflé-Girofla* would not meet with popular approval, or satisfy present popular demands for any considerable length of time; this, however, remains to be seen.

Though from a dramatic stand-point the fun and humor of *Giroflé-Girofla*, as now presented at the Garden Theatre, seem somewhat forced, and the spirit and gayety decidedly cumbersome, heavy-footed, and lacking in the dash, finesse, and lightness of touch which French artists alone seem capable of giving to this class of piece, from a musical stand-point the performance is very fairly adequate and satisfactory. The music, it is true, is not of the kind to make any heavy demands upon the artists interpreting it, but the soloists are capable, the chorus large and efficient, and the orchestra quite equal to the requirements of Lecocq's rather sketchy score. In the title rôle Miss Russell looked a picture, or rather several pictures, sang charmingly, acted with much more spirit and vivacity than is her wont, and must be accredited with a hit. Those who remember Mr. Carleton's capital characterization of the Mikado were not surprised to find that he made Mourzouk almost the central figure of the production. As Marasquin, Mr. Coffin was, as usual, Mr. Coffin, but was picturesque in appearance, and sang with his usual artistic finish whenever he kept within the natural limits of his voice. As most comedians have an inward, if generally unexpressed, conviction that they are really tragedians in disguise, it would seem that the ambition of most barytones is to be considered tenors, and the result is not always wholly admirable. As Bolero, Mr. Harrison was decidedly unfunny; Miss Rose Leighton was most acceptable as the massive and imposing Aurore, and the Frasquita of Miss Laura Clement was also good. The *raison d'être* of Mr. Hallam as Pedro was a trifle difficult to discover. All in all, *Giroflé-Girofla* forms a very agreeable evening's entertainment, and as such will doubtless be popular during the time of its run at the Garden Theatre, which is limited to March 25th.

The past week has not furnished anything of especial novelty or interest in matters dramatic. Mr. Thomas W. Keene, at the Union Square Theatre, has apparently pleased those who consider that Colley Cibber could improve upon Shakespeare, and who admire a bombastic, melodramatic, and decidedly noisy Richard III. Mr. Keene, though a player of long experience and decided intelligence, is generally too theatrical in his methods, and in his conception hardly realizes the poor remnant of the original Richard that Cibber has left us. His support was in keeping with his individual methods; even more noisy and equally melodramatic. Large audiences witnessed the farewell performances of Miss Duse at the Fifth Avenue. This great actress may not be a Bernhardt or a Ristori; it is sufficient for the admirers of truth, refinement, and artistic methods in dramatic art that she is herself. During her all too brief stay she has aroused unwonted enthusiasm, and given pleasure in a rare degree. The pain felt at her departure is somewhat mitigated by the announcement that she will return next season. In music the only events of marked importance were the two concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which were rendered of notable interest by the appearance of M. Paderewski, who played the Schumann Concerto as only Paderewski can play Schumann. The programme, including as it did an overture by Smettana, two numbers, a serenade, and theme with variations, by Lalo, heard for the first time, and Tschaikowski's Fourth Symphony, was of unusual merit and interest.

Not the least notable feature in the present musical season has been the operatic selections each Sunday given by both Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Seidl at their popular concerts. These concerts have thus in some degree supplied the lack of regular opera this season, and the fact that they have been as popular as they have been goes to show that operatic music still continues to be attractive to the general public. In spite of rumors current in regard to a managerial *concurrence* for the Metropolitan Opera-house another season, there is, one would think, but little doubt that Mr. Abbey will again hold the reins of management there, as under the circumstances is certainly his right. There can be no question as to his competency, and his record in the past has amply proven that he will adequately redeem his promises and punctually fulfil all his obligations. A return to the Maplesonian *régime* of opera, in view of past experience could hardly be thought desirable or beneficial under any circumstances.

A number of French composers, presided over by M. Gounod, after an exhaustive series of experiments, have decided to include two new instruments in the orchestra, the pedal clarionet and the tuba-horn. The tuba-horn is quite a novelty; it possesses a sweet and velvety tone which somewhat resembles that of the horn, and is easy to play. This is the instrument so much desired by Wagner, and its beauty of tone is such that it is expected to be of great use to modern composers. Signor Leon Cavallo, the Italian composer, is said to be engaged on an operatic trilogy of the period of the Renaissance, the titles of the three parts being *The Conspiracy of the Paggi*, *Savonarola*, and *Cæsar Borgia*. In his new comic opera, *Princess Ninetta*, Strauss seems to have gone back to his most popular methods, and the piece is now being played in Vienna with the most pronounced success. It is said that Master Joseph Hoffman, the erstwhile prodigy, will make his reappearance as an adult player next year. A new opera, *The Witch*, by a young Danish composer, A. Enna, was recently performed for the first time in Berlin, and met with the most favorable reception. A new string quartet by Tschaikowski has just been performed for the first time in St. Petersburg, and it is considered one of the most mature works by the Russian master. A new one-act opera, *Iolanthe*, by the same composer, did not score a success when recently produced at Hamburg. So much for success. *The Magic Opal*, an opera, the music by Señor Albeniz, a Spanish pianist, which has been announced as a bewildering success, has been suddenly withdrawn from the Lyric Theatre, London, at a week's notice, and its place supplied by *The Golden Web*, the posthumous opera by Goring Thomas, recently produced with much success in Liverpool.

All theatrical London is talking of Ibsen's latest play, *The Master-Builder*, recently produced there, in which an American actress, Miss Robbins, has made a striking success. Like Browning, Ibsen seems to be acceptable to his admirers and devotees in that in his writings he provides them with a series of cryptograms or acrostics upon which they may exercise their ingenuity. That there seems to be some difference of opinion as to what *The Master-Builder* really means may be judged from the following explanations as to its real significance which have been lately offered:

1. It is an allegory of the evolutions of Ibsen's dramatic art, from poetical dramas, through social plays, to the drama of the theatre.
2. It is an allegory of the artistic life of every artist in devoting himself to his ideal, though it survive domestic happiness, and the way he forms that ideal.
3. It is an impeachment of the married estate, and a dramatic treatment of the problem as to whether marriage is or is not a failure.
4. It is a parable of the eternal contest which conscience and a sense of duty wages with the artistic impulse and artistic irresponsibility.

To these may be added a fifth and very prevalent opinion, as says an eminent critic, that the play is mere midsummer madness. Still, when any dramatist succeeds in exciting popular interest to the extent of discussing what his work may or may not mean, he must in so far be accredited with a certain degree of success. In this connection it may be remarked that it was a disappointment that Miss Duse did not, as promised, appear in Ibsen's *Doll-House* during her engagement just completed.

The question of the possibility of performing *Parsifal* elsewhere than at Baireuth, which has been mooted for some time past, seems now definitely settled, as Madame Wagner, in reply to an expressed desire for the production of *Parsifal* in Munich during the present year, has declined to entertain the proposal under any circumstances. She declares *Parsifal* to be her husband's legacy to Baireuth, and expresses her intention to carry out his wish that it should never be given elsewhere as long as it is in her power to do so. There can be no question that her decision in this respect is an entirely justifiable and wise one. Imagine *Parsifal* at Covent Garden, or at the Metropolitan Opera-house!

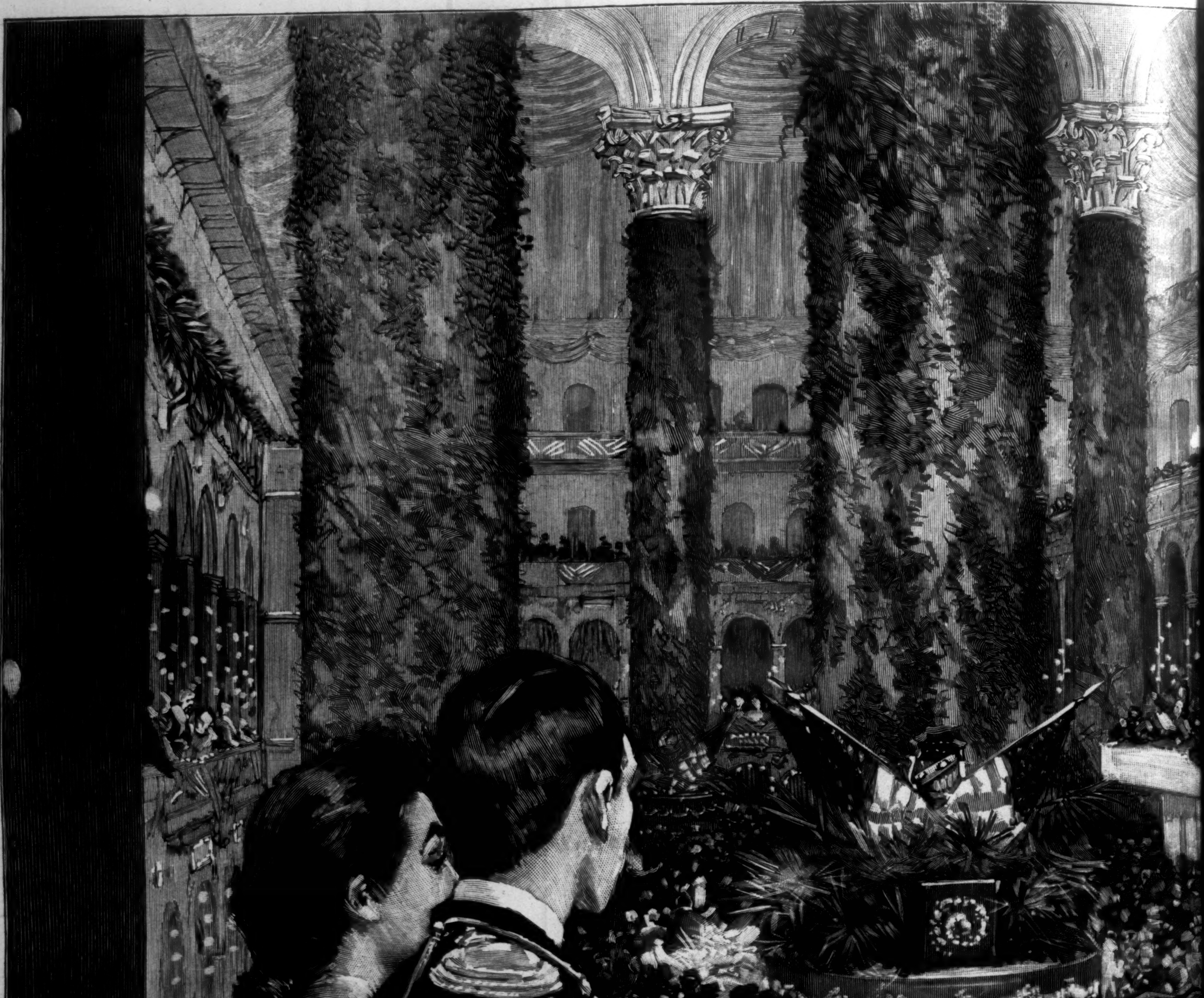
It appears that the new opera, *King Lear*, upon which Verdi has been reported to be engaged, is really in a very forward state, and will probably be produced at the Scala early next year. At the age of fifty Verdi is reported to have said to Auber, who was then over eighty, that his life as a composer was finished, and that he would never write any more. As since that time he has produced *Aïda*, *The Requiem*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*, what may we not still expect? Apropos of *Falstaff*, it is reported that Ricordi paid Verdi 160,000 francs for the work, and allows him in addition to this forty per cent. of the net receipts. The receipts for the first performance of *Falstaff* amounted to 86,000 francs. This sum is all the more remarkable as almost all the boxes at the Scala are the private property of Milanese families, who only pay the ordinary admission fee for each performance.

One of the interesting novelties of the season will be the first production this week, by the Oratorio Society, of *St. Francis of Assisi*, a sacred dramatic legend or oratorio by Tinel, a young Belgian composer, which will be given its first production in this country. The work is said to be of great beauty and originality. Occasion will be taken to refer to it at some length later.

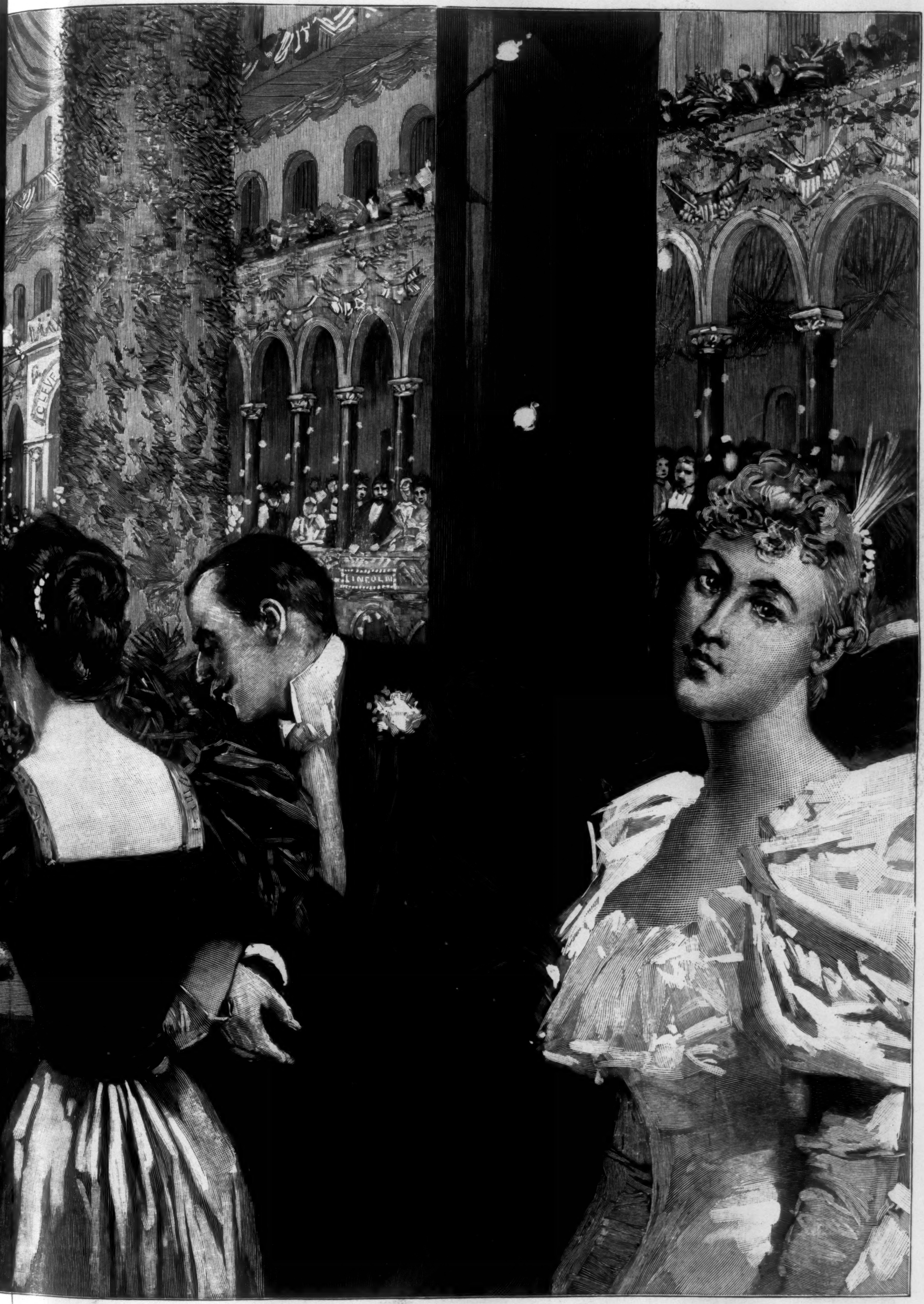
The Bureau of Music of the World's Columbian Exposition makes the announcement—none the less gratifying because long delayed—that the following compositions by American composers will be publicly performed during the exposition:

By Professor John K. Paine: music to *Œdipus Tyrannus*; *Tempest* music for orchestra; *An Island Fantasy* for orchestra; Symphony No. 1, *Spring*: By George W. Chadwick: Symphony No. 2, in B Flat; overture, *Melpomene*; cantata, *Phœnix Expirans*. By Arthur Foote: overture *Francesca di Rimini*; serenade for string orchestra; quartet for pianoforte and strings. By George F. Bristow: oratorio, *The Great Republic*; overture, *Jibbewainoske*. By Arthur Bird: suite for orchestra. By Harry Rowe Shelly: suite for orchestra. By Ad. M. Foerster: festival march for orchestra. Compositions by E. A. McDowell, Templeton Strong, and Frank Van der Stucken will also be performed.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

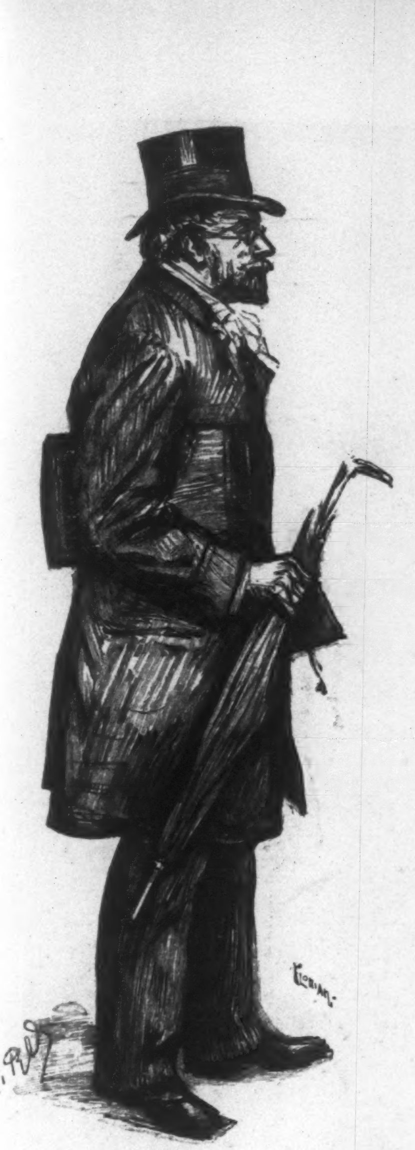


THE INAUGURATION BALL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE


LINCOLN
CLEVE

PENSION BUILDING, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

[See Page 251.]



M. TAINE.

If length of days be truly reckoned by labors done, then Hippolyte Taine, scholar, philosopher, critic, historian, lived more than the allotted span of men. Yet he was less than sixty-five when he died, in Paris, on the 5th of March, in the full vigor of his splendid powers. Outside of France he was perhaps the best known of contemporary French writers. Indeed, his brilliant *History of English Literature* seemed to expand the limits of his nationality, and make him a citizen of the English-speaking world, so that his death brings a sense of personal loss to American readers. He was so tremendous a force, he believed in his theories so devoutly, and advanced them with imagination so glowing and rhetoric so resistless, that to read his books was to be in the company of the most ardent, conscientious, persuasive, eloquent of companions. And one of his greatest charms was that in all the rush and ardor of his own convictions he never sought to subvert his hearers' judgment or impose on them his conclusions. By the very method acquired from him, the student learned to differ with the great master, and to differ intelligently. His thoughtfulness taught his readers to think, and to think on their own lines. To this doctrine one might assent. To that conclusion one must demur. But in either case one was put upon one's mettle to see the reason why.

Hippolyte Taine was born of good though not of noble stock, on the 21st of April, 1828. His father, an attorney, was an accomplished scholar. From him the boy learned his classics. From an uncle, a merchant, who had lived long in the United States, he learned English, beginning as a lad his marvellous acquisition of English literature. He was but thirteen when his father died, and his wise mother took him to Paris to be educated. At nineteen he won the first prize for his Latin essay at the Collége de Bourbon. At twenty he took the two second prizes of philosophy. His scholarship won him a government appointment. But finding the independence of his opinions and the frankness of his philosophical heresies incompatible with "smug routine and things allowed," he gave up his position to earn a scanty living by private lessons and by his pen. At the age of twenty-seven illness sent him, poor and harassed, to the Pyrenees. But on his return to Paris he published his *Voyage aux Pyrénées*, which at once made his literary reputation. It was the most charming collection of unfamiliar things, geology, botany, scenery, legend, chronicle, folk-lore, survivals, all tributary to the story of Henry IV. and the history of Navarre and Gascony. Now, his period of productiveness set in. *Critical and Historical Essays*, *French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century*, *La Fontaine and his Fables*, *Notes on England*, and finally, after years of the closest study, the *History of English Literature*, all appeared before he was thirty-six. Though the committee of the French Academy unanimously voted the *English Literature* a special prize, the full Academy refused it on the complaint of Monseigneur Dupanloup that the sentence "Virtue and vice are products, like sugar and vitriol," was a denial of the freedom of the will, and an advocacy of fatalism. Moreover, the worthy bishop declared that the author had spoken derisively of the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, had defended the English Puritans, and eulogized the prayer-book. These were offences not to be overlooked, and not until 1878 was Taine elected a member of the Academy.

Following the *English Literature* came *English Positivism*, *English Idealism*, and *Contemporary English Writers*. A professorship of Æsthetics in the Paris School of Fine Arts led to the publication of his famous books on art—*The Philosophy of Art*, *The Ideal in Art*, *Philosophy of Art in Italy*, *Philosophy of Art in Greece*, *Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands*. He was still under forty when he completed the first volume of his monumental history of France—*The Ancient Régime*. The second volume, *The Revolution*, the third, *The Triumph of the Jacobins*, and the fourth, *The Modern Régime*, were completed, and on the fifth, *France as a Republic*, the tireless student was working when he came under the strict arrest of that fell sergeant, Death.

To the mind of Taine there could not exist an unrelated fact. His three great factors of production, whether in art or literature, are the race, the environment, and the moment. Given, for example, the nationality, the time, and the climate of a people, he would deduce you their art or their literature as infallibly, to his own mind, as the paleontologist deduces the megatherium from a bone. So far as art is concerned, Taine certainly makes a better showing where he infers Greek art from Greek life than the elder æsthetic philosopher Ruskin does, who would infer Greek character from Greek art. The weakness of the method is that it takes too little account of the individual, his hinderances and helps, his failures and successes, and in life, as in argument, the particular has an awkward way of upsetting the general. But however criticism may demur to M. Taine's theory, or rather to his application of it, there can be only praise for his courage, his honesty, his conscientiousness, his insight, his splendid scholarship, his catholic spirit, his large outlook on life, his industry, which, in its intelligence and fervor, was itself almost genius. The world of thought in which our real lives are lived is incalculably enriched for a great multitude of people because he dwelt and labored in it.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.

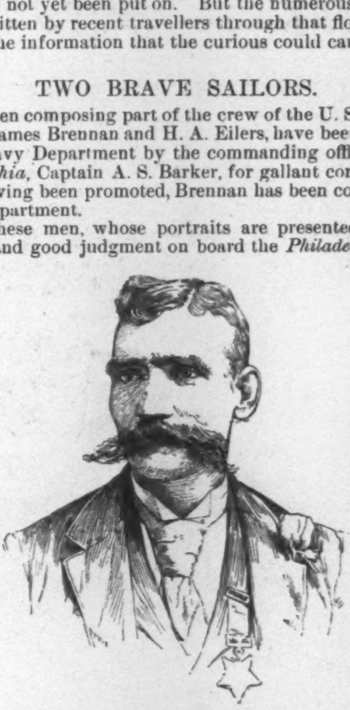
On the wooden island in the lagoon that separates the Horticultural Building from the ugly structure that will hold the official exhibits of the United States government there will be a cluster of Japanese houses, erected by Japanese artisans for the commissioners of the land of the chrysanthemum. When these very attractive-looking houses are entirely finished they will be viewed with great interest and curiosity by the visitors to the fair, for in many regards they will be very different from anything that the very great majority ever saw before. But the process of building was even more interesting than the finished houses will be. When the snow was over a foot deep this winter, and visitors to the works were very scarce on account of the cold, there was still always something of a crowd about the wire rope that was put up to keep visitors away from the Japanese carpenters and joiners who were erecting the houses in the island village. The wire rope did not keep back the more adventuresome of the sight-seers, nor were those who invaded the forbidden ground ordered out after they had gone where they had no business to go. Even a Japanese artisan, though clothed with authority, is too gentle and kindly and courteous in his nature to resent any friendly encroachment upon his rights. Those who went within the ropes saw unmolested all that was to be seen, and every question that was asked was answered as fully as the limited English vocabulary of the workmen permitted. And what bright and nimble fellows these workmen were! It may be that they were picked men, selected for their skill and intelligence. It they represent the average of Japanese artisans, then the average must be very high indeed. It seems almost a pity that these carpenters could not be kept at work all during the fair; such an exhibit would be as popular as anything within the grounds.

After noting the nimbleness of the workmen and the intelligent expression of their faces, together with the picturesqueness of their dress, which seems to Western eyes something like a uniform, the visitor looks at the work itself, and is at once struck by its neatness. Even the temporary scaffolding is neatly and strongly put up, and the lumber of which it is made is injured as little as possible. Instead of being nailed together, this scaffolding is lashed with cords. This is done with a skill that would make even a sailor-man turn green with envy. But though the Japanese workmen do many things in a way opposite to that employed by Europeans, they do not go so far as to build the roofs of their houses before making the foundations. At least such was not the method employed at Chicago in making the buildings there, for when the houses were very nearly completed the roofs had not yet been put on. But the numerous books on Japan written by recent travellers through that flowery land give all the information that the curious could care for.

TWO BRAVE SAILORS.

Two men composing part of the crew of the U. S. S. *Philadelphia*, James Brennan and H. A. Eilers, have been reported to the Navy Department by the commanding officer of the *Philadelphia*, Captain A. S. Barker, for gallant conduct, and Eilers having been promoted, Brennan has been commended by the department.

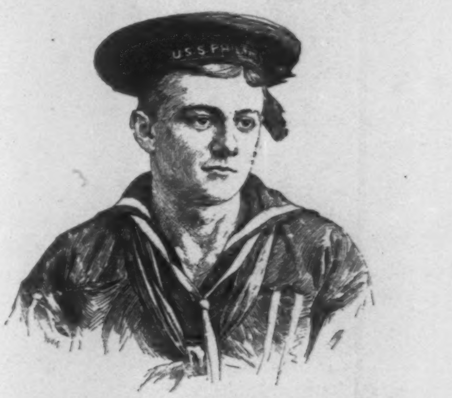
Both these men, whose portraits are presented, showed courage and good judgment on board the *Philadelphia*. In some way, in January of this year, the powder charges for a heavy gun became ignited, when Brennan threw overboard two charges "which were partially out of their cases, and one of the cartridges was said to have been smoking." Eilers was in the magazine, where he remained until he had put out the fire, or stamped out the burning fragments. Both actions of these men showed coolness and presence of mind, and the praise they have received is fully deserved.



JAMES BRENNAN.

It was, however, a mistake in the first hasty report of the accident as it was sent to the newspapers to say that the crew was "panic-stricken." No such thing happened, for men-of-war's men are not subject to panic. Some of the men assisted in extinguishing the fire, and then carried the wounded men to the surgeon. Nobody fled from the gun.

In the older time, when cartridges were made up of small-grained powder, the loss of life from ignition would have been terrible. For heavy guns of to-day prisms of brown powder are used which are of comparatively slow ignition. It is possible to touch off a prism while having it in your fingers, after applying a match. Whether, however, powder be of rapid or slow ignition by no means diminishes the merit of Brennan and Eilers.



H. A. EILERS.

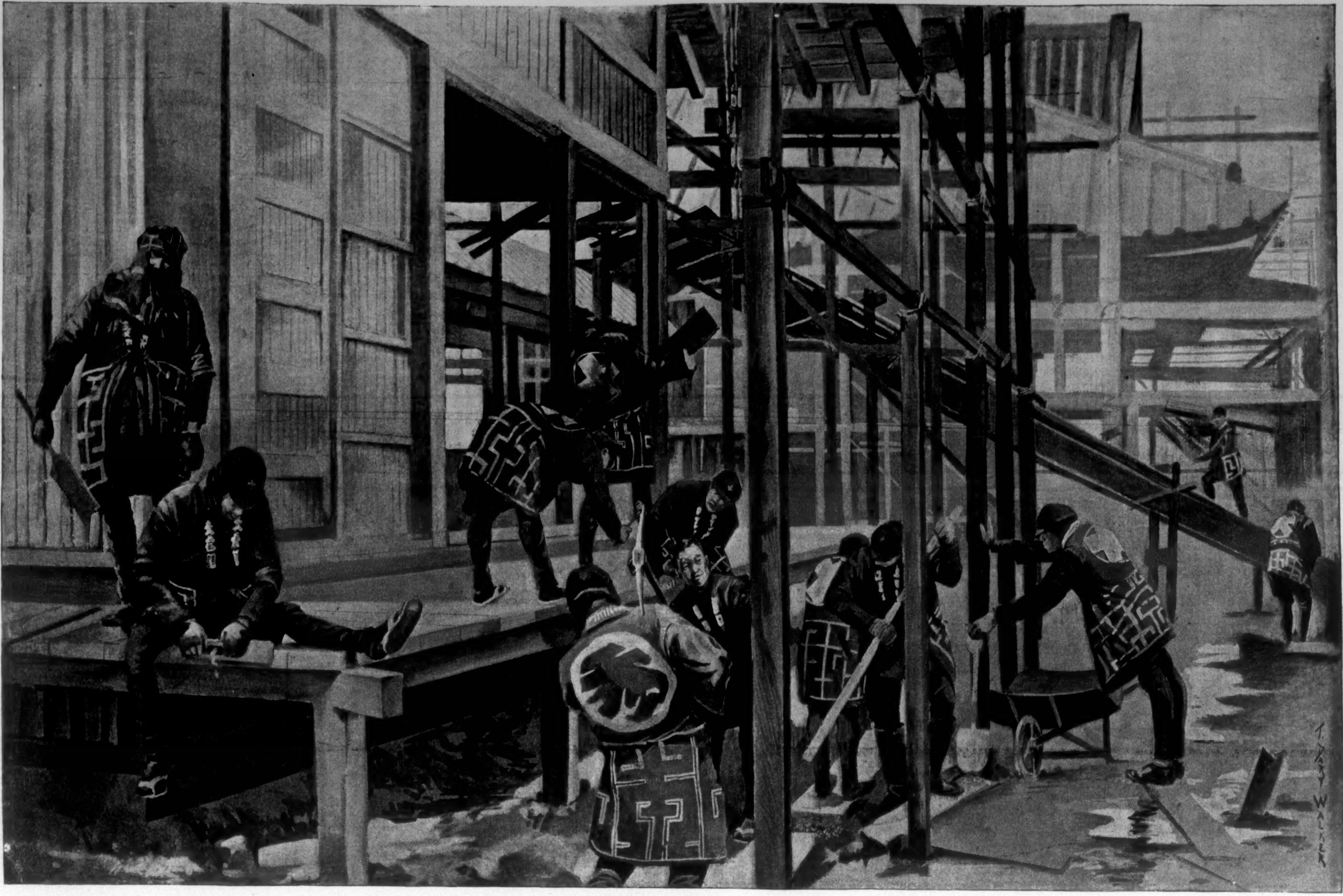
In February last Brennan again showed gallantry. While the ship was coaling at Port Royal, South Carolina, a landsman named Miller fell overboard from a catamaran into the river, in which there was floating ice. It was one of the coldest days of this winter. The man had sunk, when Brennan, who was on deck, jumped overboard, dived, caught the drowning man by the hair, swam with him to the gangway of the ship, when both were hauled out. Captain Barker, U.S.N., states that "Miller, being unable to swim, would have undoubtedly been drowned had it not been for Brennan's assistance." In writing to Brennan, the Secretary of the Navy addressed him as follows: "The courage displayed by you on this occasion, and your forgetfulness of self in your successful effort to save life, merit the hearty commendation of the department."

SNOW IN MILAN AND NEW YORK.

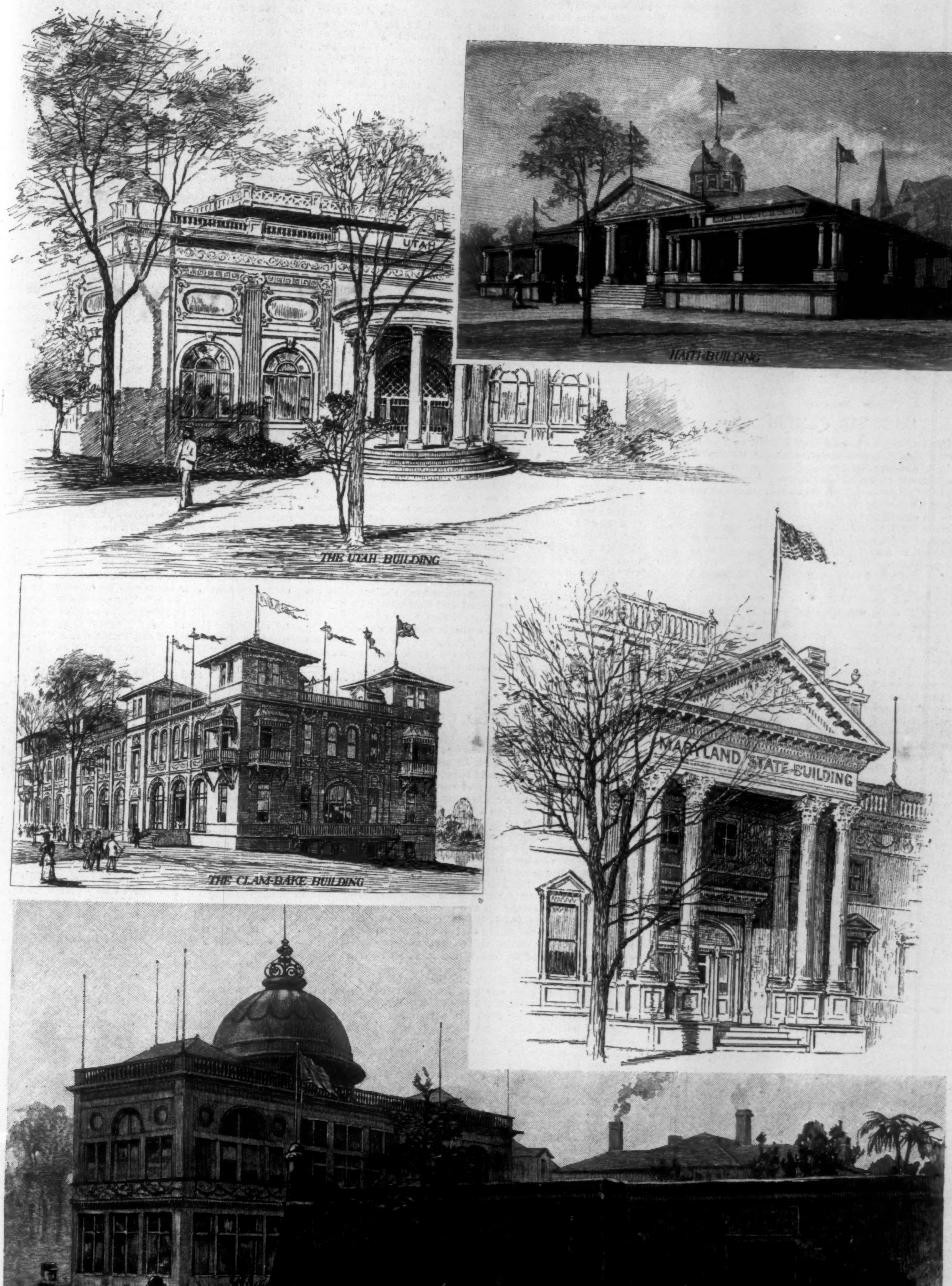
The wail over its own incompetence by an inefficient municipal department to meet the needs of a heavy snowfall gives pertinence to a glance at the methods used in Milan, Italy, a full account of which was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 10, 1891. So economical is it that the average cost is only a little over two cents per cubic yard; so rapid that it never takes more than twenty-four hours to clean the city both within and without the walls. It is easy as Columbus's egg problem, and shows the magic solvent of a little gumption. The city is divided into districts, and an average rate of pay per inch depth is arranged for the whole area of each district. Each district is allotted to a contractor, who furnishes men, carts, and horses—the city furnishing tools—and is held rigidly responsible. The contracts, which are iron-clad, are made annually, and the contractors are drawn from the classes, such as paviors, masons, quarrymen, etc., who are in the carting business, and are directly affected by snow. Careless work goes for nothing, for it is rigidly supervised by engineers. The depth of fallen snow on which payment is graduated is fixed by stone posts in open places, each being capped by a large flat slab. At every snowfall each contractor goes to work, without further special orders, on his district. The number of men ordinarily engaged in snow removal ranges from 2000 to 3000 in addition to the standard street-cleaning force—an army of volunteers, so to speak, who can be mobilized at once to assist the regulars, according to the needs of the situation. This, then, is the essential value of the Milan method, that it is elastic, and fully armed against any excess of attack on the part of the elements. It responds to each need as quicksilver rises or falls to the weather.

Whether or not we could readily adapt the Milan system is not now in evidence. But a modification of this is lucidly suggested in a recent article in the New York *Tribune*, giving the results of an interview with various merchants on West and Washington streets, where the congestion of business and the annihilation of comfort in walking attain their maximum. According to the testimony of one of these gentlemen, the additional cost of doing business to his firm, owing to the condition of the street, with its unremoved snow and bottomless slush, amounts to $100 per week. Yet he claims that if a co-operative consent of the Mayor, the Street-cleaning Bureau, and of the Department of Docks could be had, the merchants on the line of these streets could easily and quickly make all the highways of business perfectly passable with their large force of carts and cartmen. It is a gleam of light on the darkness which $2,200,000 per year of appropriation leaves as black as the Styx. Says this sagacious man, who has brains in his noddle instead of pudding: Let the powers that be "unite in a proclamation at the time of a big snowfall that the business houses remove the snow from the street in front of their own places, and dump it at various convenient piers that shall have been previously assigned. An inspector at each dumping-place should then give the cartman a ticket calling for the payment of a nominal sum covering the mere cartage. The rate for this service would be less than that usually charged by cartmen to the business houses, and would be a mere patch on the present cost to the city. I would guarantee that every business house, without exception, would welcome such a relief, and that within twenty-four hours after the heaviest fall of snow there would not be a trace of it in the business streets."

Here is a perfectly easy and simple solution. Let Mayor Gilroy and his Street-cleaning Commissioner take note. If the enormous appropriation allowed will not free the busy sections of the city from barriers of slush and snow which paralyze business, an amount of money which makes the plea of inability either idiotic or criminal, the business men at small expense can and will. This suggestion offers a perfectly elastic method, and one which promises swift and certain results.


T. DART WALKER

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—AT WORK ON THE JAPANESE BUILDING.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 259.]



UTAH
MARYLAND STATE BUILDING
H. D. Nichols Chicago/93

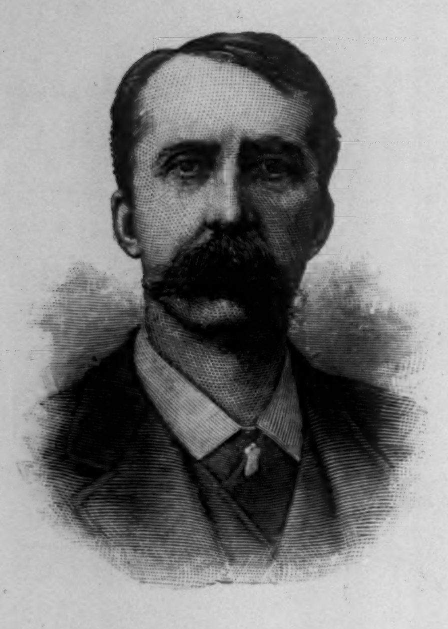
THE UTAH BUILDING

HAITI BUILDING

THE CLAM-BAKE BUILDING

MISSOURI AND FLORIDA STATE BUILDINGS

BUILDINGS AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.



DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

The death of the author of such a work as *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America* would in any circumstances be a noteworthy event. To those who are aware of the conditions under which the book was conceived and composed the achievement of the author seems as heroic as his death is touchingly tragical.

Born of an excellent family, the son of a jurist who is not yet forgotten, Mr. Campbell was graduated at Union College, in the class of 1860, and like most Americans who reached their manhood at that stirring time, he suspended his professional preparation to bear arms in the war, in which he served with credit, and rose to the rank of Major of Volunteers before ill health compelled his retirement from the field. It was not until 1866, when he was in his twenty-seventh year, that he was able to begin in New York his practice of the law, which he pursued actively until three or four years ago, when the painful and progressive malady, an affection of the spine, from which he had long suffered, compelled him to give up business.

But for this, Mr. Campbell would doubtless have survived for many years, and but for this it is unlikely that the book by which he has become so suddenly and so widely known would ever have been written. The subject matter of it had interested him for years. As he relates in the book itself, and as his friends were well aware, he had been struck, in the course of purely professional investigation, with the number and importance of American institutions for which no counterpart could be found in Great Britain. His incessant intellectual curiosity led him to inquire into the origin of these institutions, and the result of these inquiries was to convince him that the debt of the United States was much less to England and much greater to Holland than was popularly supposed, or than historians had too hastily assumed. But these conclusions would probably have been imparted only to his friends if a physical disability that did not entail any diminution of mental vigor had not compelled his retirement from his work as a lawyer, and left him free for literary labors. When the fruit of these was presented to his publishers, and through them to the public, the result was a sudden and striking success. No recent historical book has been more eagerly discussed, and none more widely read. Whatever abatements there are to be made for the author's vehemence, and perhaps occasionally for his exaggeration, it is not too much to say of his work that it has compelled a change in the point of view from which American history is regarded, and that no historian hereafter can treat that history as all historians have treated it before. In this sense it is an epoch-making book, and its importance has been as promptly recognized and its conclusions as hotly debated in Europe as in the author's own country. An extraordinary book in itself, it is the more extraordinary when it is regarded as the labor of an enforced leisure, begun and carried on in illness and in pain.

Mr. Campbell died March 7th at Schenectady, in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried in the ancestral graveyard at Cherry Valley, March 10th.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT DALY'S.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will. There is not a more conclusive instance of the royal recklessness that Shakespeare showed toward his fame than this suggestion of a title, addressed, we may infer, to his manager, but certainly not to posterity. Pepys complains, with justice, that the play has nothing to do with its title; but this complaint could not have been made by the famous diarist a generation earlier, when a bencher of the Temple, who also kept a diary, set down therein that he had seen it played under the title of *Malvolio*. There was some reason for this emendation, since Malvolio is undoubtedly the most typical prig that Shakespeare ever drew, but it is wronging him to make Malvolio the central figure, or, as modern managers would say, the "title rôle," since the play also includes in Sir Andrew Ague-cheek the greatest fool that Shakespeare ever drew—a fool so great that the good Dr. Johnson felt bound to protest against the delineation of him, upon the ground that "natural fatuity is not the proper prey of the satirist."

Shakespeare's title, provisional and tentative as it is, expresses the nature of the comedy much better than could any title more specific. *What You Will; As You Like It*—these are titles that leave everything to the imagination, as do the works of which they are the indications. *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, is a fantasy, and a fantasy that leaves a considerable latitude to the actor, a wider latitude to the manager, and absolute liberty to the spectator or the reader. Fancy criticising the setting of "a seaport town in Illyria" upon the ground that it was not authentic Illyrian architecture of "the period," or of any period. The critic would deserve to have his bumps publicly felt! So long as the spectacle is beautiful and illusive the wise spectator will ask it no questions.

This is the fact that makes *Twelfth Night* so eminently eligible as a spectacle, and that justified Mr. Daly in choosing it for one of his revivals. It is eminently available, as the book-collectors say, for "extra illustration." The choice, it need scarcely be said, is still more abundantly justified by the manner in which the production has been carried out—a manner so perfect that the whole is always better and greater than the parts, no matter how important and attractive these may be, and that the delight which the spectator derives from the spectacle is not the work of this or that capable actor or charming actress, but the work of the consummate master of stage-craft, whose art is visible only in its effects.

This is so true of all Mr. Daly's productions that to repeat it is to utter truisms that barely escape being platitudes. The difference between one and another is a difference only in degree. But in degree the judgment of most of those who look forward from one season to another to these productions as the most enjoyable, most memorable, and most instructive events of the contemporary American stage, will probably be that the production of *Twelfth Night* is the most successful and the most complete of all. When and where else have we seen such *tableaux vivants* as the "Bid me discourse" of the first act, or the moonlit picture of Olivia's garden at the end of the third. These pictures are more than mere pictures, since they appeal, as Wagner's music dramas were meant to do, to more than one sense, and in each the "incidental music"—strictly incidental as it is—heightens the effect of the spectacle to an extent scarcely appreciable to the spectator, unless it occur to him to ask himself what would be the effect of the spectacle without the music. The skilful pains that have been taken with every detail of the production are necessary to the result of a delightful and complete illusion.

This is the work of the master of stage-craft, and it is the one indispensable factor in the success of the revival of *Twelfth Night*. We can scarcely imagine the success as being so complete, however, without the contributions of some of the individual players. The charm of Miss Rehan's personality and temperament has very seldom been exhibited to such advantage as in her personation of Viola, which seems to pervade and to perfume the whole production, even in those parts of it where she is off the stage. Mr. Lewis is a surprise as well as a delight in Sir Toby Belch, transposing, as the character demands, the native and usual humor of the variety that is know as "dry" to the very different humor that is equally well known as "unctuous." There is really, little as the admirer of the comedian would have thought it possible, something Falstaffian in his presentation of the other genial and untrustworthy knight. To the personators of the typical fool, Sir Andrew, and the typical prig, Malvolio, great credit is also due, and especially to the personatrix of Maria. But, indeed, the very perfection of the production as a whole makes invidious any comment upon the excellence of the component parts.

Montgomery Schuyler.

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

It is now a good many years since the discovery was made that the charitable people of New York were in great part wasting or misdirecting their benevolence, from the lack of an organization which should supervise the bestowal of alms throughout the whole city, and through which it would be practicable to investigate all claims. The result of that discovery was the formation of the Charity Organization Society, the "clearing-house of charities." The extent and beneficence of the work done by that organization in the relief of distress and the avoidance of misery cannot be computed. Those who were formerly their own almoners, and who could not make personal investigation of every application that was made to them, have now the satisfaction of feeling that they cannot only make their contributions of money through this channel, with a certainty that the money will be put to good use, but that the time they may also be able to give to the investigation of cases of distress can be utilized to far better advantage under the direction of the society than they could possibly use it under their own guidance.

That was the first step towards the organization of charity. Another, not shorter nor less important, has been taken during the past week, when the principal organizations for the relief of suffering took up permanent quarters in the United Charities Building, which they and all New-Yorkers owe to the munificence of Mr. John Stewart Kennedy. It had been discovered shortly after the formation of the Charity Organization Society that that movement in the direction of "the conservation of energy" was not sufficient, and that a more prompt and complete communication even than that it afforded was necessary to prevent, on the one hand, the neglect of cases of real distress, and, on the other, the duplication of relief and the temptation to imposture. The need of a centre from which all the organizations that were intended to relieve human suffering might operate was recognized so long ago as 1885, when Mr. Hewitt deplored the absence of such a centre, which should have the effect of "economizing effort and diffusing charity." Various methods were suggested for supplying the "long-felt want," but it was not supplied until Mr. Kennedy came forward in 1890 with the announcement that he had bought the site of St. Paul's (Methodist) Church, and that he proposed to erect upon it a building in which should be housed and united the charities of New York, upon certain conditions, which were not at all onerous or embarrassing to the directors of the several organizations concerned. It was the result of this humane impulse, carried out under the guidance of the judgment of an astute and experienced man of business that was seen on March 6th, when those New-Yorkers who were interested in the relief of pain and the saving of distress to their less fortunate fellow-creatures assembled to "inaugurate" the United Charities Building.

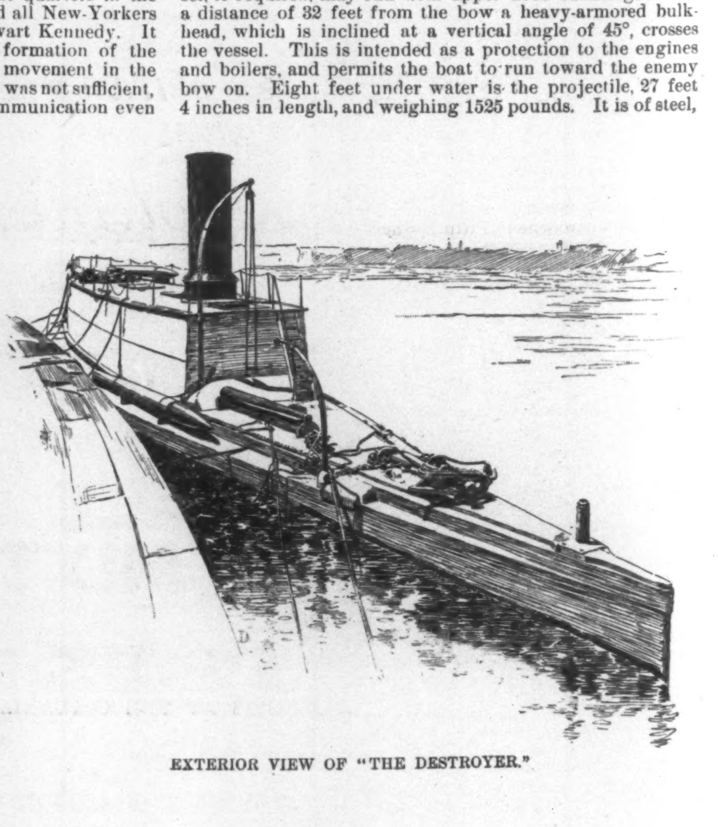
There are four principal societies which the new building was planned to accommodate—the Charity Organization Society, the Children's Aid Society, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the New York City Mission and Tract Society. These are provided with ample, convenient, well-lighted, and well-aired apartments; and a generation ago, or even less, their requirements would have exhausted the accommodations of the building. But, thanks to the elevator, it is now possible to house them in the utmost comfort and convenience, on a plot of 60 feet by 150, and at the same time to provide for a number of other charitable organizations, while yet retaining for rental, on a commercial basis, an area so great that the return from it will go far towards meeting the operating expenses of the building, and possibly of making some slight return for the investment; although of course the return, if it is realized, will not be great enough to diminish at all the honor due to the founder for his munificence—a munificence which in degree is not often equalled, even in this land of generous and public-spirited men, and in kind is quite unique. The rentals to charitable institutions, other than those which the building was primarily intended to accommodate, are less by some 20 per cent. than those charged to ordinary tenants, and for that reason, in addition to the facilities of communication and of directing mistaken applicants, it may confidently be expected that all the unsectarian charitable institutions of New York will ultimately be assembled under its roof.

The building itself is worthy of its purpose, both in the convenience and usefulness of interior arrangements and in its strictly architectural effect. It is built of dark stone and dark brick, the former material being used for the basement, and the latter, with terra-cotta of the same tint, for the superstructure. The "free classic," which is now fashionable in architecture, has not often produced an example more stately and gracious and of a more "gentlemanlike" aspect; and this is high praise when we consider the conditions of an elevator building. Its expression is that of a structure worthy to be the home of so noble an enterprise as that to which it is dedicated.

The ceremonies of the inauguration were deeply impressive. During the afternoon the building was merely opened to the inspection of the thousands of invited persons, of whom a very large proportion availed themselves of the invitation. In the evening, when the formal dedication of the building to its noble uses took place, the audience was restricted by the capacity of the convenient but limited assembly-room upon the first floor. Here Mr. Kennedy explained the history and the purpose of the building, and set forth its mission as "a charitable centre to which the benevolent may refer applicants for relief, and to which all seeking aid may apply with assurance that their needs will be carefully considered and appropriately dealt with." The address of the evening—and a most thoughtful and suggestive address it was—was made by ex-Mayor Hewitt. Mr. Kennedy's declaration that the question to be asked of applicants was not "What is your creed?" but "What is your need?" was borne out by the appearance, in connection with the ceremonies, not only of Bishop Potter and well-known representatives of all the Protestant denominations, but of an officer of the Roman Catholic society of St. Vincent de Paul, and of a Jewish rabbi, Dr. Gottheil. It was evident that the field of the United Charities of New York was as broad as humanity itself.

"THE DESTROYER."

Shortly after Captain John Ericsson had built the original *Monitor* and her sister gunboats he conceived the idea of inventing another vessel that would be able to demolish his earlier creations. With this end in view, he spent much time and money over a vessel carrying a submarine battery that finally met with his ideas, but the old man died before he received any favorable response from the government at Washington. The authorities, however, approved of the plan of the boat for the testing of the system, and the work was carried on by the Ericsson Coast Defence Company, under the supervision of Engineer V F. Lassoe and others, who were closely associated with Captain Ericsson for many years. Improvements in the boat were further made, and the vessel, aptly named *The Destroyer*, now lies at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She is 130 feet in length, with 12-foot beam; draught 10 feet, with a displacement of 250 tons. Her bow and stern lines are exactly the same, being straight and very sharp. The upper deck is low, with no rail, and from amidships rises a long superstructure with no openings, so that the vessel, if required, may run with upper deck submerged. At a distance of 32 feet from the bow a heavy-armored bulkhead, which is inclined at a vertical angle of 45°, crosses the vessel. This is intended as a protection to the engines and boilers, and permits the boat to run toward the enemy bow on. Eight feet under water is the projectile, 27 feet 4 inches in length, and weighing 1525 pounds. It is of steel,



EXTERIOR VIEW OF "THE DESTROYER."

with a heavy bursting charge in the forward end, which is exploded by percussion cap. This charge is of 300 pounds, and the diameter of the projectile 16 inches. A tube runs the entire length of the vessel just above the keel, and is fixed with water-tight gates at the bow. Only 30 to 40 pounds of powder are required to propel the torpedo, the muzzle velocity of which is 548 feet per second. A series of trials took place near New York recently, and the results were extremely satisfactory. The mechanism of the gun showed no defects during the firing, and the report states that had a vessel 100 feet in length, with a draught of 20 feet, been stationed 600 feet away, 15 out of 20 shots fired would have struck her. *The Destroyer* is more effective than a ram, although the projectile has been termed "the detachable ram," for it is able to achieve similar results at a distance.

COUNTRY LIFE 'ROUND NEW ORLEANS.

WHEN all the country north of the Carolinas was locked in the embrace of winter, it happened that a HARPER party, then at New Orleans, saw the first budding of summer at a quaint near-by watering-place. The *mardi gras* was over, Lent was begun, and the people of the gayest city in the country were eager for rest. In the little steam-yacht *Helen* owned and commanded by Mr. Horace Fletcher and Mr. Thomas Sully this little party made a trip across Lake Pontchartrain and up the Chefuncta and Boguefalaya rivers, streams as odd as their names, and names which only look hard, for they pronounce themselves when seen in print, and spell themselves when sounded. The Chefuncta is the main one, and is a watery pathway through a great region of gum cypress and oak into the beloved "piny woods." There the New Orleans folks go for shade and rest as we of the North seek the sea-beach and the mountains.

The excursionists—remember it was in early March—then saw the first touches of spring in the country, the first sprays of tender green, the first lilies and blossoms of yellow jasmine, and, far on high, great balls of vivid mistletoe providing slow old trees with an appearance of foliage. Since nothing responds to the first heat of the sun with the promptness of the Southern darky, he too was out in force, fishing from bateaux, and greatly liking to be hailed and spoken to by passing voyagers. The fishing was for green trout—a combination of our mountain trout and black bass—caught with live or artificial minnows. Turtles and alligators were there, but hidden and hibernating still.

The soft colors of the scenery were wonderful. Many soft grays were in the reeds and woods and bushes, and here and there were gentle reds and mild pinks, with the new green on the tree limbs, and the deep blue over all. When the piny woods were reached, the ground became white sand, and every background was the deep dark green of the changeless pines. Every evening there sank below the horizon a blazing red sun, and there rose an orange moon that turned into a giant lemon afterwards. This beautiful effect is peculiar to southern Louisiana sunsets, and is almost alone worth going there to see.

The destination of the summer-seekers was Claiborne "cottage" at Covington, on the Boguefalaya. It proved to be a row or chain of pretty white houses, some one-story tall, and some twice as high, but all banded with wide verandas, all revealing bare floors in every room, all fitted with great open fireplaces and heaps of pitch-pine fagots, and all the bedrooms so exactly alike (as to neatness and the wash-stand, bedstead, and bureau each contained) that if the Duke of Westminster and a Georgia "cracker" came there to lodge at the same time one could fare no better than the other. When the excursionist ladies reached their rooms they were paled by the discovery that all the chambers were alike in another respect—each had two windows with sash curtains, but no shades, and were therefore as wide open to the public gaze as a barouche in Fifth Avenue. A council of defence was called, but while it sat the servants closed some out-door shutters, and peace perched triumphant on the ladies' brows. It was nearly bedtime, and the same servants heaped logs in the fireplaces, touched matches to them as if they were gunpowder, and went away, leaving the fire-lights dancing and leaping among the very shadows that they cast.

Morning came, and the visitors walked out into the perfumed air of the balsamic and flower-scented woods. They saw that the houses of Claiborne "cottage" stood in a clearing walled at a distance by pines. The apple and pear trees bloomed like great bouquets in the garden back of the house, and anywhere within a walk of five minutes might be gathered the blossoms of the spiræa, flowering almond, magnolia, swamp or winter magnolia, yellow jasmine, dogwood, or little blue wood violets and blossoms of the bay-tree. The thermometer was 26° above zero in New York, and the news from New England and the West was all of blizzards and snow-storms.

There were many tempting roads in the dry and wholesome woods, and the excursionists travelled far in a carry-all behind four horses. The air was soft and fresh, the ground was blue and white with violets and starry flowers, the Spanish moss was only sufficient to be-whisker the trees and make them look old without saddening the view. Birds in great numbers were there, chattering and warbling in the trees. Mocking-birds, red-birds, doves, and hawks were plenty, and high in air floated the omnipresent buzzards and the clumsy, frightened turkeys.

One stop was at a country house surrounded by 3000 acres of woodland, and in that preserve the excursionists enjoyed a truly Southern experience. A deer hunt was organized, and the colored men of the place were sent out to rouse the deer as dogs do in the North. They yelped and bayed and howled as they crashed through the brush, and the deer came flying toward the sportsmen, one of them to fall before the unerring aim of Mr. Smedley, the artist. Instead of in rooms in the gentleman's house, where the married couples and the ladies slept, the bachelors were assigned to comfortable little cottages, several of which were built close to the mansion. Certain of these cottages contained a single bedroom, and others were divided into two sleeping-rooms, but each room was charmingly appointed with old-style four-post French bedsteads, rugs on the floor, quaint colored prints framed on the wall, curious candlesticks, open fireplaces heated with blazing logs, a toilet-stand, bureau, and chairs. For each guest was a man servant to fetch water, and to take away the boots and polish them. It was only a glimpse that the HARPER party got of country life in the far South, but it was delightful, for the country was beautiful, and the people were hospitable beyond measure. Indeed, theirs was the hospitality of New Orleans, than which there is scarcely anything farther from measurement and limit.

JULIAN RALPH.

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is a valuable substitute for tea or coffee. It nourishes while they only stimulate. A superior drink for women.—[*Adv.*]

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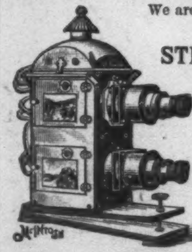

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CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

33D ANNUAL STATEMENT

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1892.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$21,983,944.02
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	23,912,412.49
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	75,084,749.48
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market value, $7,673,706)	5,913,500.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure	14,122,736.70
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)	5,554,006.66
Interest and Rents due and accrued, Deferred Premiums and other Securities	6,488,702.66
Total Assets, December 31, 1892,	$153,060,052.01

We hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, we find the same to be true and correct as stated.

Thomas D. Jordan, Comptroller.
Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing Policies (4% Standard), and all other liabilities	$121,870,236.52
Total Undivided Surplus (4% Standard), including Special Reserve of $2,500,000 towards establishment of a 3½% valuation	31,189,815.49
	$153,060,052.01

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

Geo. W. Phillips, } Actuaries.
J. G. Van Cise, }

INCOME.

Premiums	$34,046,568.39
Interest, Rents, etc.	6,239,669.10
	$40,286,237.49

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$10,859,373.04
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments	5,675,074.94
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$16,534,447.98
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	4,083,478.35
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes	3,544,021.01
	$24,161,947.34

New Assurance written in 1892	$200,490,316.00
Total Outstanding Assurance	850,962,245.00

HENRY B. HYDE, President.
J. W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

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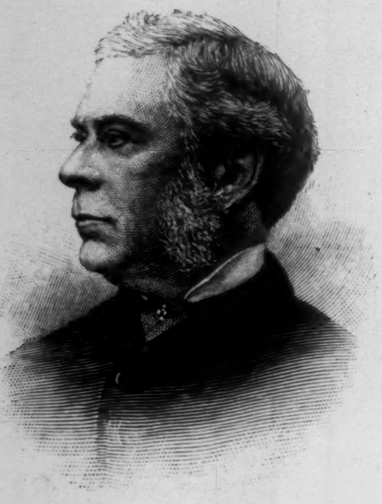
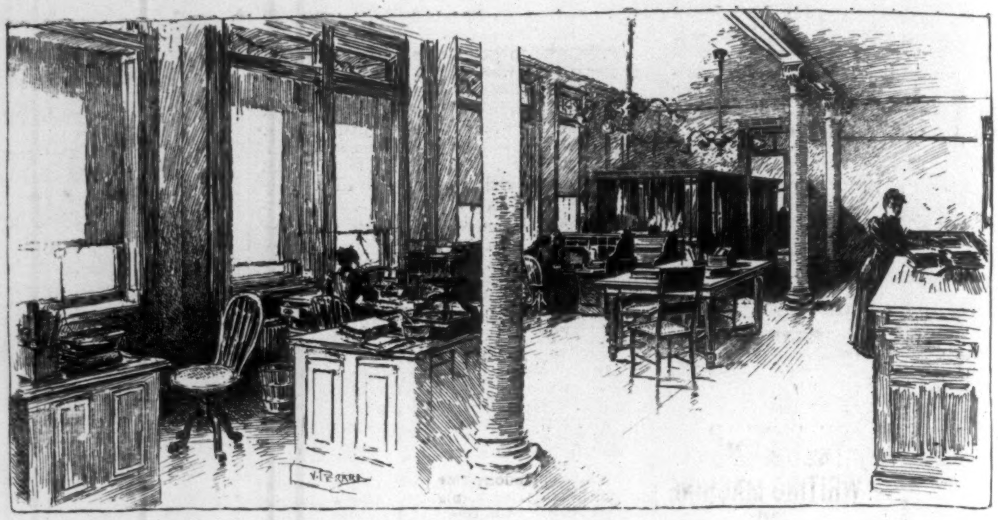
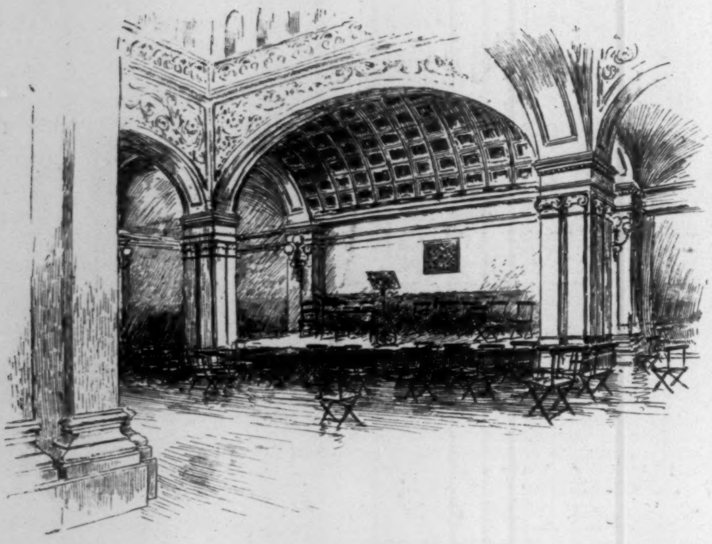


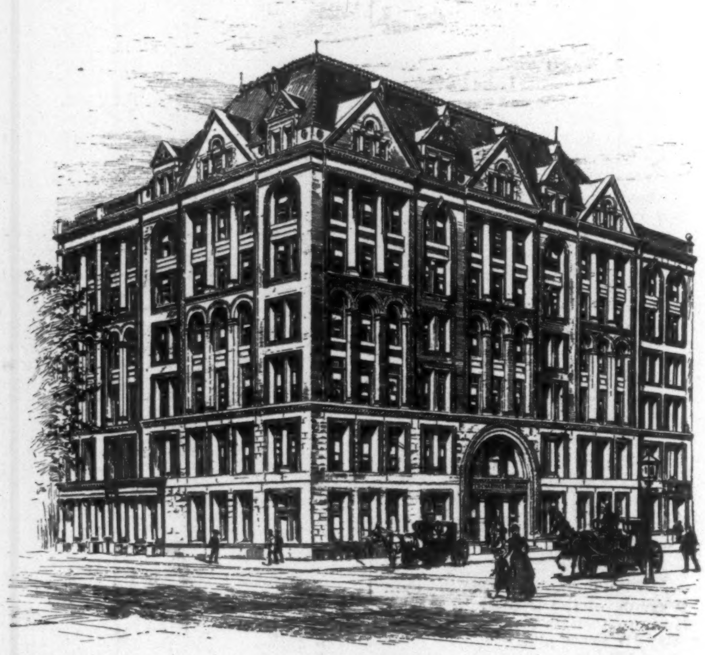
JOHN S. KENNEDY.



THE GENERAL OFFICE.

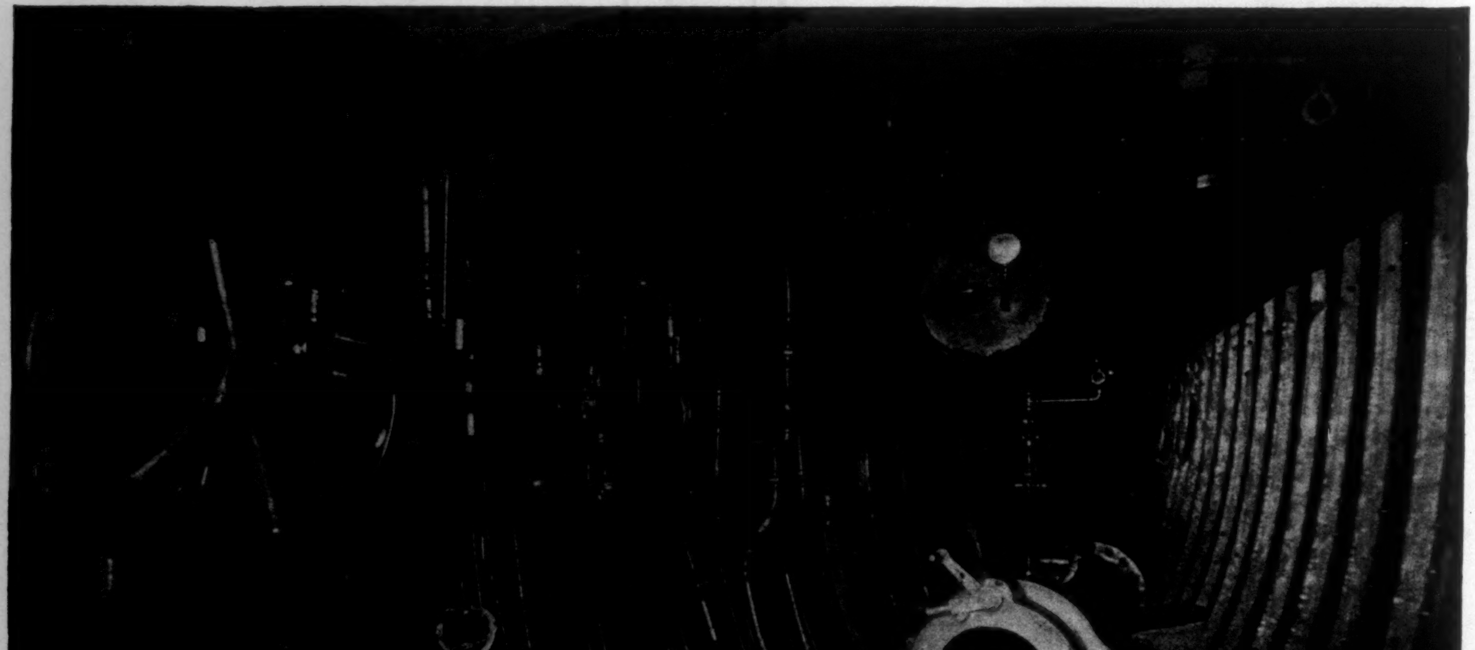


A BIT OF THE LECTURE HALL.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

THE NEW UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING AND ITS FOUNDER.—[SEE PAGE 262.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COAST-DEFENDER "DESTROYER."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HART.—[SEE PAGE 262.]
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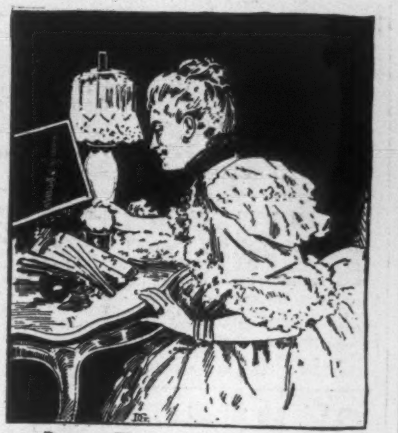

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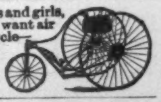

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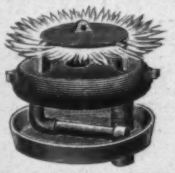

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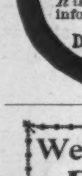

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By one sweet wood-bird's minstrelsy,
That borne across the fields to me
  Makes heart and soul and pulses thrill,
  Till deepest rest and quiet fill
My every sense with harmony;
So when Life's misty shadows creep
  'Mid cark and care and turmoil rude,
With thee I hear the night-winds sweep
  Across the starlit meads bedewed,
Till thou dost lull the world to sleep,
  Thou sweet voice of my solitude!

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AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

CONSTITUTION OF HARVARD ATHLETIC TEAMS.

BY GEORGE WALTON GREEN.

The rules which the Harvard Athletic Committee have recently given out deserve the careful attention and study of all who are interested in the purification of college athletics. These rules are three in number, and while the test given in the first two for deciding the question of *bona fide* students and amateurs has practically been the standard applied at Harvard during the past three years, the provisions relating to students coming from other colleges, and prescribing a time limit of four years, are new, and even if not adopted by other colleges and universities, are likely to have a most important and beneficial effect, from the fact that Harvard has decided to abide by the high standard which she sets, even if other institutions fail to accept it.

The rules are as follows:

Rule 1.—Amateurs.

No student shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, who either before or since entering the university shall have engaged for money in any athletic competition, whether for a stake, or a money prize, or a share of the entrance fees or admission money; or who shall have taught or engaged in any athletic exercise or sport as a means of livelihood; or who shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary gain or emolument whatever, direct or indirect, with the single exception that he may have received from the college organization, or from any permanent amateur association of which he was at the time a member, the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceeded his ordinary expenses.

Rule 2.—Bona Fide Students.

No one shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, unless he is, and intends to be throughout the college year, a *bona fide* member of the university, taking a full year's work.

A student who is dropped for neglect of his studies into a lower class shall be debarred from taking part in intercollegiate contests until the end of the next academic year, or until he is permitted by the faculty to rejoin his class.

No one hereafter entering the university, who is not a Freshman in the college or scientific school, and no Freshman in either of these departments who has ever played in an intercollegiate contest upon a class or university team of any other college, shall play upon a Harvard team until he has resided one academic year at the university, and passed the annual examinations upon a full year's work.

Rule 3.—Time Limit.

No student, whether he has represented one or more colleges, shall take part in intercollegiate contests for more than four years, and this period shall begin with the year in which, as a player upon a university team, he first represented any college. In reckoning the four years, the year of probation mentioned in Rule 2 shall be excluded, and also any year lost to a student by illness. But this rule shall not, during the calendar year 1893, disqualify any one who would be eligible under pre-existing rules.

The first of these rules, it will be seen, while not attempting the difficult task of defining an "amateur," prescribes a list of negative limitations, which, by a process of elimination, furnishes what for all practical purposes may be regarded as the definition of what the Cambridge authorities have decided shall be the standard by which the young man who proposes to try for a place upon a Harvard team shall be measured. All, of course, will depend upon the good faith with which so broad and sweeping a rule is enforced. Having adopted so high a standard, the college world and the general public will justly hold the Harvard authorities to a strict and absolute adherence to the principles they have laid down, especially as the Harvard committee have allowed it to be generally understood that the limitations defined by them have been adopted only after careful investigation of the abuses sought to be removed, and practical application of most of the remedies formulated.

The earnest and careful enforcement, in absolute good faith, of the first of these rules promises to wipe out the long-standing abuse by which so-called "amateurs" could be attracted to an organization—to which they gave, perhaps, only a temporary fealty—by compensations which meant, practically, their entire support, contributed under the elastic term, "expenses of training, etc." On the other hand, the provision which, under its careful phrasing, allows a student to receive "the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceed his ordinary expenses," is an entirely fair and proper distinction. Though at first reading it might seem to justify an actual payment of such excess to the student himself, the practical working of the rule is as follows:

Certain members of the university are selected to form a team, and join a training table at which the cost of board per man amounts, we will say, to $8 per week. The different individuals may have been paying $4, $5, or $6 apiece for their board elsewhere. The treasurer of the united athletic organizations pays the board for the team as a whole, and collects the respective differences from each individual. Of course, too, there are certain indispensable articles of sporting use and wear, such as sweaters, football and baseball shoes, clothes, etc., which the non-athletic student would not purchase, and which may properly be furnished, as the rule implies, to the members of the various teams. To put it in the words of Harvard's most famous football "guard," the result of this rule, conscientiously and economically applied for the past three years, has been that "athletics have not put a penny into any man's pocket, nor taken a penny out."

The first two of these rules will depend for their effectiveness, as we have said, upon the spirit and good faith with which they are enforced. Public opinion at any college is, after all, what decides the practical working of regulations of this sort. And college public opinion is pretty sure to find its accurate reflection in the tone of the mass of students who influence, if not control, such legislation. Professors and graduates are carried along almost as much as the younger generation by the wish to win, and a careful review of the history of college squabbles and intercollegiate diplomacy during the past ten years will reveal about as strong a tendency among the older men as among the lads to stretch a point in passing on the question of a candidate's eligibility. While the growth and importance of college athletics have made it necessary that the college authorities should have a *voice* in such matters, the active *interference* of the faculties, as such, has come to be regarded as unwise, and has given place to the far more dignified and liberal policy which, after years of trying and vexatious experiment, Harvard has finally adopted, of referring all athletic questions, with full power, to a mixed board of control, made up in equal parts of students, graduate advisers, and faculty associates, with an equal vote to each member. The system has fully justified its adoption. There are no longer complaints of "faculty interference" at Harvard, and every member of the college community feels that every department of the university has a fair chance to make its influence effective in dealing with the various questions which arise in matters athletic; while, best of all, the students are fully convinced that faculty, graduates, and undergraduates are working in harmony for common ends, viz., to put and keep athletics on their proper plane, and to win honest victories by legitimate means alone.

The third paragraph of Rule 2 marks a new departure, and is a milestone in advance. It has been suggested, indeed, that the rule goes almost too far; for apparently its adoption means that Harvard will not allow *any student who enters with advanced standing* to take part in interuniversity events until he has passed a year at college. As I read this paragraph, no young man who enters the Sophomore, Junior, or Senior class can play on a Harvard team until the end of the academic year after his entering. Whether such was the intention of the framers of this rule I do not know. At all events, the enforcement of this regulation—and any failure to apply it will be so easy of detection that its enforcement may be regarded as practically guaranteed—means an end to the crying abuse of the "imported" athlete. A man can hardly be suspected of coming to Harvard solely or mainly for the purpose of joining a Harvard team, if before he takes part in any interuniversity event he first resides a full academic year at Cambridge, and gives earnest of his intentions as a *bona fide* student by passing the annual examinations at the end of that period, upon a full year's work, as the rule requires.

This is an admirable provision, and one in which the question of good faith is not left open to vague construction, but is to be decided by a perfectly practical, open, and visible test. And the reform, too, will be accomplished, as Mr. Caspar Whitney has already suggested in these columns it should be secured, without the surrender of the "University Idea," a principle of high and lasting importance, now that student athletics have outgrown mere college limits in the larger institutions of learning. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania are all made up of something more than the different undergraduate schools that form only a part of each of these universities; and in each and all of them any *bona fide* student in any department has a right to enjoy all the advantages, educational, social, and athletic, which the university affords. While it is eminently just and proper to limit the term during which a young man may take part in these contests to four years, as Rule 3 provides, and to insist that the young man who comes to Harvard from any other college shall show that the influences which bring him are not solely those relating to athletics, by attending a full year as a *bona fide* student prior to playing on a Harvard team, it would be manifestly unfair to debar from any part in intercollegiate events the lad who without the prior advantages of a college course enters the law or the medical school, or any other department of the university, expecting to enjoy all the advantages of university life, including those which come from full participation in college athletics, with the training, the discipline, the opportunities for friendships, and associations which team-work affords.

Fortunately for the future of students' athletics, those who have most influence in athletic affairs at the principal colleges, as well as those whose voice is heard only in counsel and without the sanction of official position, are men whose names have become a guarantee of good faith, and whose co-operation will assure an early accomplishment of the needed reforms. Yale has already given earnest of her good faith in offering to surrender certain positive and present advantages for the sake of securing the necessary agreement; and with men like the two Richards (*par nobile!*), Walter Camp, and George Adee on the one side, and Professors Ames and White and Colonel Winslow for Harvard on the other, all working toward the same general results—the elimination from college teams of all but *bona fide* students, the suppression of the "imported" and the "perpetual" athlete—we may confidently expect that a substantial agreement between at least these two universities will not be long in coming, to show the way to others, and that with the end of the annual squabbles and child-play diplomacy will dawn a new era in college athletics, where all working details as to dates, places, and men will be settled as a matter of course, and when each season opens the college world and the public generally will look forward with eager interest only to actual events, with the certainty that the fight will be fought out fairly, to the credit of victors and vanquished alike.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Boone and Crockett Club is an association of men living for the most part in New York, but also in other parts of the country, who are interested in big-game hunting, in big-game and forestry preservation, and generally in manly out-door sports, and in travel and exploration in little-known regions. The objects of the club, as set forth in its constitution, are:

1. To promote manly sport with the rifle.
2. To promote travel and exploration in the wild and unknown or but partially known portions of the country.
3. To work for the preservation of the large game of this country, and, so far as possible, to further legislation for that purpose, and to assist in enforcing the existing laws.
4. To promote inquiry into and to record observations on the habits and natural history of the various wild animals.
5. To bring about among the members the interchange of opinions and ideas on hunting, travel, and exploration, on the various kinds of hunting-rifles, on the haunts of game, animals, etc.

No one is eligible for membership who has not killed with the rifle in fair chase, by still-hunting or otherwise, at least one individual of one of the various kinds of American large game.

Under the head of American large game the club includes the following animals: bear, buffalo (bison), mountain-sheep, caribou, cougar, musk-ox, white goat, elk (wapiti), wolf (not coyote), prong-horn antelope, moose, and deer.

The club has decided that the term "fair chase" shall not be held to include killing bear, wolf, or cougar in traps, nor "fire-hunting," nor "crusting" moose, elk, or deer in deep snow, nor killing game from a boat while it is swimming in the water.

The club is emphatically an association of men who believe that the hardier and manlier the sport is the more attractive it is, and who do not think that there is any place in the ranks of true sportsmen either for the game-butcher, on the one hand, or, on the other, for the man who wishes to do all his shooting in preserves, and to shirk rough hard work. Most of the members are men who have passed a considerable portion of their lives in wild surroundings, or who have at least made long trips after the big game of the wilderness, whether in the Rocky Mountains, on the great plains, or among the frozen forests of the North. Different members of the club, of course, have had different specialties. One, for instance, has probably done as much grizzly-bear shooting as any living man; another has performed his chief feats in chasing the black bear through the Southern cane-brakes with horn and hound, and at one time made a practice of killing the bear, when bayed by his pack, with the knife only; yet another has had more experience than any other living American in breeding and managing big grey-hounds and deer-hounds for the pursuit of such formidable game as wolf and elk, besides deer and antelope; another has devoted his attention very largely to different kinds of hunting-rifles, and the effects of their various projectiles upon game; and so on, and so on. The club proposes hereafter to issue an annual volume, consisting of various articles by the members upon big-game hunting, upon the national game and forest preserves, upon travel, exploration, and the like. It has always been the aim of the founders of this club to have it accomplish in the field of American big-game hunting work somewhat akin to that which has been done by the London Alpine Club in mountaineering.

The club takes a particular interest not only in the preservation of game, but in the preservation of forest regions, and of wild tracts of land which serve as nurseries and reservations for the woodland creatures which else would die out before the march of settlement. It has worked hard for the preservation and betterment of the Yellowstone Park, and at its last meeting it was able to express its great gratification at the course pursued by the late Secretary of the Interior, not only with reference to the Yellowstone Park, but with reference to all kindred reservations—first, in making a great timber reserve in Wyoming in the country adjoining the Yellowstone Park; next, in setting aside and protecting from depredators the sequoia groves in California; and finally, in creating on an island on the Alaskan coast a reservation for the protection of seals, salmon, and sea birds, which breed thereon in myriads.

The club has an exhibit at the World's Fair, consisting of a log cabin with all the surroundings proper to the abode of a pioneer hunter-settler. The club felt very strongly that the life of the pioneer settler, the life of the man who struck out into the wilderness as part of the vanguard of civilization, and made his living largely in warfare with the wild game, represented a phase of our history so characteristic and yet so evanescent that it would be a mistake not to have it represented at the Chicago Exposition. There is nothing in the history of any other nation which quite corresponds to it. Accordingly, the club entered into correspondence with the authorities of the World's Fair, and through the courtesy of Mr. W. I. Buchanan and Mr. D. H. Burnham, who had practical control over the matter, they were given a very beautifully placed island in the lake in the fair grounds on which to put up the house of unhewn logs; just such a house as the hunter-settlers of to-day live in or have lived in beside the winding rivers of the great plains, or among the valleys and on the edges of the lakes in the Rockies. There, of course, have been differences of detail in the construction of these houses, but essentially they are the same as they were in the days of those two typical pioneer hunters Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, the men who have served in a certain sense as the tutelary deities of American hunting lore—and after whom, by-the-way, the club is named. Inside, the cabin will be furnished in the rough simple style of its kind, with deer antlers as pegs, and with perhaps one or two game heads. Outside there will be a prairie schooner, probably a smoke-house, a birch-bark canoe and a pirogue drawn up on the shore, with skins nailed against the wall, and pack-saddles, stock-saddles, webbed snow-rackets, long mountain snow-shoes, and camp kit scattered about.

"SEEN FROM THE SADDLE."—By Isa Carrington Cabell.—32mo, Cloth, 50 Cents.—Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.